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Review of New Books.

The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life by Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, &c. By the Author of the Cook's Oracle.

ALTHOUGH this volume may be intended as a distinct treatise, it is nevertheless so blended with the *Cook's Oracle*, that it must be considered as a partner in the same firm. The constant and mutual reference from the doctor to the cook—from the cook to the doctor, significantly imply, that these works are inseparable, and that both must be possessed by him who eats to live, and by him who lives to eat—all the precepts for trimming and feeding the lamp of life, that it may burn with a bright and enduring flame. The *maxims of Hygiene*, are merely an introduction to the culinary *dépôt*, where the *matériel* is husbanded, and by ingenious processes either “turned to shape,” or disfigured. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we shall endeavour to do deliberate justice to the “*Art of Prolonging Life*,” as a separate performance; more especially, as these choice *maxims of kitchen* and doctor’s stuff emanate from the prolific pen of the amiable Dr. Kitchener, whose “*Peptic Precepts*” were laudably noticed in an antecedent number of the *Literary Gazette*.

Biographical anecdotes, and discriminative traits of character, that relate to persons of extraordinary genius, are collected with avidity by the critic, in order that the curiosity of the reader may be abundantly gratified; it is therefore with pleasure we communicate that it is not wholly by the agency of the spit, the salamander, and the stew-pan, nor even by the admirable contrivance of certain pills, called “*Peristaltic Persuaders*,” that the learned doctor has derived his reputation: He is the author of a profound work on telescopes, spectacles, and panopticon eye-tubes, which convey such distinctness of vision, that the purblind are immediately brought into the society of the remotest stars, which are exhibited with such clearness, when viewed through the doctor’s spy-glass, that, to borrow the neatness of his own expression, “they all appear to be clean shaved.” What great improvements have been made in this department of science since the days of Sidrophel the astronomer! It ought equally to be promulgated, that the doctor is a celebrated musician; some of his compositions never fatigue the ear; and he has obliged the world with observations on singing, which he says (p. 98) “are pre-

pared to the opera of *Ivanhoe*,” a dramatic representation, that experienced a fate very similar to the farce that was dedicated to Mrs. Dangle.

That these memorabilia are genuine is incontestable, as they are extracted from the works of the Doctor; we therefore willingly pursue the theme. In the first sentence of the “*Art of prolonging Life*,” we find that Dr. K. “had originally (and which of course he recollects) an extremely delicate constitution,” and “at an early period devoted himself to the study of Physic, with the hope of learning how to make the most of his small stock of health.” This conduct, in so young a man, was truly meritorious;—how few, now-a-days, put out their constitutions to interest, in order to receive the dividends of health in the long annuities! Modern youths, by a course of prodigality and dissipation, live on the principal of vitality until it is consumed,—proceeding on the *out-and-out* system. If all the puny children in this country were brought up to the study of physic, it might conduce to beneficial results, both to themselves and the community; or it might not.

As we advance in our investigations of the “*Art of prolonging Life*,” we discover, by an agreeable mistake, that the contents of the several chapters do not correspond to their titles; but this trifling informality introduces greater variety, and, in this warm weather, renders the reading infinitely more pleasant.—Thus, under the article “*Siesta*,” we have directions to encourage dram-drinking in vocal performers, in order to dispel *mauvaise honte*, and eradicate nervous trepidations; and the philosophical reason assigned, (p. 98,) is, that “to wet your whistle is as absolutely necessary as to rosin your bow.” Under the same head of *Siesta*, which we forgot to mention, means taking a nap in the day-time, we have directions for making beef-tea—and mutton-broth for nothing. This, we fear, can only be practised by sheep-stealers. Proceeding a little farther on the same subject, (i. e. Hints for Vocal Performers,) we find a strong recommendation of “strong pepper-mint lozenges, prepared by Smith, Fell-street, Wood-street, Chapside,” which “are very convenient portable carminatives, as soon as they are dissolved, their influence (*à donc!*) is felt from the beginning to the end of the alimentary canal,—they dissipate flatulence so immediately.” What will Camporesie, Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, and the Wilson say to this puff!

The articles Clothing, Fire, Air and Exercise contain little that is new or worthy of remark; they consist principally of extracts from obscure and obsolete writers, which appear to coincide with the Doctor’s

views, and flatter his dyspeptic system. At length we are introduced to an important subject, on which most literary persons, when they can get it, are disposed to dwell, —WINE.

Of the nature and properties of the best wine, the author (as an author, though we fancy the very reverse in his private and social practice) seems either to be wholly insensible, or a sturdy contemner of established opinion:—he endeavours to establish “that the true economy of drinking is to excite as much exhilaration as may be with as little wine.” To us this appears to be the art of prolonging, not life, but wine. This abhorrent calculation of a pseudo-amphitryon, to elicit the life of anecdote, the spirit of repartée, and the coruscations of wit from a stunted modicum of new port, must be a certain recipe to insure dullness and excite discontent; for it is a lamentable infatuation of the doctor (p. 132) “that the best port is rather impoverished than improved by being kept in bottle longer than two years.” This delusion, the result of a depraved taste, or the offspring of a parsimonious estimate of the interest of shillings and pence, pervades this eager and meagre article of miniature grape-jules; most gentlemen are disgusted with a twang of the cork, but the author would teach hosts also to finish at a taste of the money.

These treasurable opinions against the venerable majesty of port, that has been

“Touched by the tender hand of mellowing time,”

this gross hostility to the bee’s wing; those “gay notes” that people the sun-beams of inspiring wine, can only find an adequate apology in the dull and cheerless sensuality of the doctor’s recommended beverage. Hear him! (p. 149,) “The following is the editor’s plan of taking liquid food at dinner:—When he cannot get good beer, he has two wine-glasses of sherry, or one of whiskey or brandy, and three-fourths of a pint of good toast and water, (which, when dyspeptic, he has warned to about summer heat, i. e. 75 Fahrenheit), and puts a wine-glass of sherry, or half a glass of whiskey, &c. into half a pint of the water; and the other glass of sherry, or half glass of whiskey, &c. into the remaining quarter-pint, thus increasing the strength of the liquid towards the conclusion of dinner; after which he drinks from two to four glasses of port or sherry,—as instinct suggests the state of the circulation requires;—if it be very languid, a liqueur-glass of Johnson’s (brandy and liqueur-merchant, No. 2, Colonnade, Pall Mall) white Curaçoa, is occasionally recommended, as a renovating *bonne bouche*; about a quarter of an hour

* Prepared from a prescription of W. Kitchener, M. D.

after dinner, he lies down on a sofa, and sleeps for about half an hour; this has been his custom for the last twenty years; half an hour's horizontal posture is more restorative (that is less expensive) to him, than if he had sat up and drank three or four more glasses of wine." This confused detail which only amounts to drinking wine diluted, or gin and water at dinner; and then, *a la cushion*,

"His usual custom in an afternoon."

"Then lies him down the lubber fiend."

But this is not all,—the doctor drinks by instinct to the total abandonment of that reason which is the attribute of his species:—perhaps he will next try to persuade us that he writes by instinct. Having thus strenuously repelled an attack on the aged Falernian, which we love so much, that we could not forgive a brother who depreciated it, we have only an additional observation to make. The Cook's Oracle, which will be the subject of a future review, is stated to be (*vide introduction*, p. 1), "a *bond fidé* register of facts, accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog-days." Again "these recipes have been written down by the fire-side, with a spit in one hand, and a pen in the other." The author has eaten each recipe before he set it down in his book, and also, "I have not presumed to insert a single composition, without previously obtaining the IMPRIMATUR of an enlightened and indefatigable COMMITTEE OF TASTE, composed of thorough-bred grand-gourmands of the first magnitude, &c."

That the original debility of the doctor's stamina might induce him to take refuge in the schools of medicine, is very natural:—but what, except the blind directions of a fatal *instinct*, could lead this nervous, dyspeptic, irritable, and tender youth to take his station, like the devil's turnspit, in a hot kitchen? To use his own phrase (p. 72), "An ordeal so severe, that few pass it without irreparable injury to their health; and many lose their lives before they learn their business."

The number of dishes thus prepared, swallowed, we do not say digested, and afterwards submitted to a Committee of Taste, is 574. By a miracle the doctor still lives; but the fate of the Committee of Taste we have still to learn, for the amusement of our readers;—we are induced to believe, that at Tattersall's, the odds would be 574 to one, against a single survivor;—with the exception of a philosophical incognito, and learned comorant, who is designated as *Apicius Cælius Junior*, and whose game notes will be the subject of future animadversion. We now take a friendly leave of the doctor, his unwearied labours and tid bits, fully persuaded that his rules of the prolongation of life will confirm the aphorism,—"*Ars longa vita brevis.*"

Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Institutions of the Romans. London, 1821. Baldwin & Co. 12mo. pp. 347.

CAREFULLY and judiciously compiled from

a variety of the best sources,* there are few books of the kind which we could recommend to be put into the hands of young persons with greater satisfaction than this little volume. Its contents embrace, we think, every subject of importance connected with Roman society, and all that may be worth knowing of the domestic affairs of a nation essentially warlike and (compared with modern civilization) barbarous, is to be gathered from this publication in a pleasing form. It is not, indeed, for the scholar or the antiquarian; but for general readers of even a well-informed class, it will be found useful as a compendium of reference and reminiscence.

It sets out with a view of ancient Rome—glances over its original agricultural condition—and thence goes through the various changes of its customs as it advanced in age, placing before us the three great professions of law, physic, and religion; amusements, dress, buildings, convivial and theatrical entertainments, and other circumstances worthy of being known respecting a mighty empire and a wonderful people. To illustrate the way in which these matters are treated we shall select a few miscellaneous passages:—

"To those who reflect on the high degree of opulence and civilization to which the Romans had attained towards the close of the republic, it must afford matter of surprise to learn, that the city contained no public hospitals for the reception of the indigent. The temple of Æsculapius was, indeed, open to the infirm, and many, of every rank, who laboured under disease, were carried thither, to invoke the god of health; but no human aid was afforded them; and it was not until the beginning of the fifth century that the first infirmary was erected by a Christian lady, named Fabiola. Her benevolent example was soon followed by others of her sex; and not only in Rome, but throughout Europe, the first establishment of those humane institutions was due to the introduction of Christianity.

"The practice of physic seems to have been nearly confined to the administration of simples, which were prepared by the physicians themselves. These they obtained of dealers who were distinguished by various appellations, with the precise meaning of which we are not acquainted, but which, no doubt, pointed to the different branches of their trade. Compounders of medicines alone were unknown; and it is remarkable, that the word *apothecarius*, from which our "apothecary" is derived, merely signified the keeper of any warehouse, without reference to the commodities it contained. The *medicamentarii*, whose name approaches the nearest to the business of an apothecary, were designated, in the Theodosian code, as common poisoners! The medical profession was, however, in high repute: the principal practitioners were Greeks; and it appears that many of them derived as large an income from their practice, as the most celebrated

* Chiefly from the French work of Professor D'Arnay, with aids from Kennet, Potter, Adam, Caylus, Gifford, &c. &c. &c.

physicians of the present day. In families of distinction, it was not unusual to have a slave instructed in medicine; several of whom obtained their freedom, and rose to eminence in their profession."

"While the priest pronounced the prayers, the assistants recited them, standing, their faces turned towards the east, and enveloped in their mantles, lest their attention should be distracted by any object of ill omen. They invoked the gods by name, and, to avoid the possibility of mistake, they were accustomed to add—'whether thou art god, or goddess.' Whilst praying, they touched the altar with their fingers, then carried the hand to their lips, and afterwards extended it towards the image of the god, of which they also embraced the knees, which were considered as the symbols of mercy. Their devotions lasted a considerable time; generally more than an hour; but we must be cautious how we thence infer that they were actuated by sincere piety. Had they been satisfied with praying, according to the well-known adage of Juvenal, for 'health of body, and of mind,' their orisons would probably have been shorter; but the number of real and imaginary wants which they hoped to supply, and the various gods whom they were obliged to propitiate, according to each separate necessity, occasioned a tedious series of ceremonies, from which those who are satisfied with adoring the Creator in spirit, and in truth, are exempt. Seneca asserts,* that the folly of some went so far as to supplicate the gods for success in pursuits which they would have blushed to acknowledge to their fellow-men; and Horace has left a lively description of this species of hypocrisy:—

"Your honest man, on whom with awful praise, The forum, and the courts of justice gaze, If e'er he make a public sacrifice, 'Dread Janus! Phœbus! clear and loud he cries—

But when his pray'r in earnest is preferred, Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard: 'Beauteous Laverna! my petition hear!

'Let me with truth and sanctity appear.

'Oh! give me to deceive, and with a veil 'Of darkness, and of night, my crimes conceal.'"

"The young men were chiefly engaged in athletic sports, in a large plain by the side of the Tiber, called the *Campus Martius*, or in public schools, severally termed *Gymnasium* and *Palestra*, where they were instructed in riding, driving, and the various military exercises. Boxing, wrestling, and throwing the *Discus*, or quoit, held a prominent share in their amusements; but chariot-driving took the lead before all others.

"When boxing took a more serious turn, it became a contest of much greater danger

* Seneca, ep. 10. There is not, amongst all the valuable writings of this great philosopher, a finer precept than that with which this epistle is concluded:—"Sic vive cum hominibus, tanquam Deus videret; sic loquere cum Deo, tanquam homines audiant."

† "Laverna," the goddess of rogues and thieves."

than the modern pugilistic battles. The combatants wore gloves loaded with metal, and the issue of 'the fight' was often fatal to one or both of them.

"he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down in open view—
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands with, in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with seven distinguish'd
folds

Of tough bull-hides: the space within is spread
With iron, or with heavy loads of lead."

"Whether they were as expert as the pugilists of the present day, we have no means of ascertaining; but it is certain, that the professors of the art were trained with equal regularity; and there can be little doubt of their prowess, as we are told of one of them having had his whole set of teeth knocked down his throat at a single blow!"

The following might be adopted in modern society by *fashionables* so anxious to invent some new mode of entertaining their visitors. We throw out the hint, and will be happy to take our chance among the rest.

"When the emperors, and, indeed, even when private individuals of rank, gave an entertainment, part of the amusement sometimes consisted in a lottery, in which each ticket represented a prize. Considerable sums were occasionally distributed in this manner among the guests; but not in actual money: the prizes were generally pictures of various merit, trinkets, or things of more importance, contrasted with others of ridiculously small amount. Thus, in one given by Heliogabalus, one of the lots consisted of ten camels, and another of ten flies; others, ten ostriches, and ten eggs; ten pounds of gold, and ten of lead; and all in equally absurd proportion."

"At Rome, the play was usually succeeded by a farce, which was performed by amateurs. These were styled *Atellane comedies*; in which the actors, not speaking from any written dialogue, trusted to the spontaneous effusion of their own fancy: a licence which they frequently abused by the introduction of much gross ribaldry. The performers in the *Atellana* could not be compelled by the audience to unmask; nor were they, like common actors, deprived of their civil rights.

"Interludes, of dancing and processions, of exhibitions of animals" and combats of gladiators, were generally introduced between the acts; and these, together with pantomimical representations, tumbling, and rope-dancing, constituted so great a portion of the entertainment, that they at length superseded the regular drama."

This is very like what we are doing in England just now, and we could comment on the subject were it not that our quotations are simply intended to show what sort

"*Animals.*" Whether the animals exhibited on the stage were usually trained to perform tricks, does not distinctly appear; but there is no doubt that the Emperor Galba possessed an elephant which walked upon a rope stretched across the theatre."

of a book is here presented to the public: long references would hardly suit the Literary Gazette, and therefore we close with one further example:—

"A marriage was never solemnized without consulting the auspices, and offering sacrifices to the gods; particularly to Juno; and the animals immolated on the occasion, were deprived of their gall, in allusion to the absence of every thing bitter and malignant in the proposed union.

"The ceremony was performed in three different modes, distinguished by the titles of '*Confarreatio*,' '*Cœmption*,' and '*Usage*;' each of which, though distinct in point of form, was equally binding on the contracting parties.

"*Confarreatio* was the most ancient. A priest, in the presence of ten witnesses, made an offering to the gods of a cake composed of salt, water, and a particular kind of wheaten flour—called *Far*—from which the name of the ceremony was derived: of this the bride and bridegroom partook, to denote the union that was to subsist between them, and the sacrifice of a sheep ratified the interchange of their vows. This mode of celebration conferred on the wife all the rights of adoption as a daughter: it gave her the privilege of assisting at the sacred rites peculiar to the household gods of her husband; it endowed her with his entire property, if he died intestate without issue; and if he left children, she shared equally with them.

"*Cœmption* was an imaginary purchase which the husband and wife made of each other, by the exchange of some pieces of money. This form subsisted longer than that of *confarreatio*, which, according to Tacitus, was no longer practised in the reign of Tiberius: it seems to have conferred the same rights on the woman; and some authors say, that it was accompanied with similar ceremonies.

"*Usage* was, in fact, nothing more than when a woman, with the consent of her parents, or guardians, had cohabited an entire year with a man, with the intention of becoming his wife. She was then considered as being legally married to him; and it even appears, that she thereby acquired the same rights as either of the former ceremonies would have conferred. This form, besides, gave to the lady the power of annulling the marriage, if, during her twelvemonth's novitiate, she repented her engagement; an advantage in which it is not quite clear that the intended husband participated.

"It was not every day, nor even every month, that was deemed equally auspicious to the celebration of marriage: they avoided the kalends, nones, and ides, and every day marked black in the kalendar: the month of February, because in it was commemorated the anniversary of all funeral obsequies; that of March, during the Salian feast; and, above all, May:† June, on

† "The '*Salian Feast*' was in commemoration of the time when the shield of Mars was supposed to have fallen from the heavens."

† "May." This superstition is said to have

the contrary, was, of all months, considered the most propitious. But widows, whether more careful to improve the passing time, or less attentive to omens, of which the former connubial engagements of many of them had no doubt proved the fallacy, considered every day as equally fortunate, and were married at all seasons."

HUMBOLDT'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

Vol. V. Part II.

Indian Poisons—Festivals—Roasted Monkeys—Music.

A FEW weeks since, when this addition to the valuable labours of M. Humboldt appeared, we paid it that immediate attention which a work so replete with information demanded; and having conducted our readers through one of the two 8vo. vols. into which it is divided, we left the second for a future convenient opportunity. That opportunity the autumnal sterility of the press affords us, and we return with pleasure to an author than whom the present period does not possess one more full of entertainment and intelligence, though addicted in too great a degree to the formation of general systems, and given to too much technicality of expression.

Without retracing, to connect our statements, we will beg our readers to plant themselves at Esmeralda, on the Upper Oroonoko, the most solitary and remote Christian settlement in those regions. Here there is a bifurcation of the river, and the granitic mountain of Duida rises to the height of nearly 8,000 feet. The mission contains about eighty inhabitants, and yet no fewer than three Indian languages are spoken—the Idapimanare, the Catarapeno, and the Maquiritan.

"Esmeralda, (says M. H.) is the most celebrated spot on the Oroonoko for the fabrication of that active poison which is employed in war, in the chase, and, what is singular enough, as a remedy for gastric obstructions. The poison of the tucunas of the Amazon, the upas-tiente of Java, and the *carare* of Guyana, are the most deleterious substances that are known. Raleigh, toward the end of the sixteenth century, had heard the name of *urari* pronounced as being a vegetable substance, with which arrows were envenomed; yet no fixed notions of this poison had reached Europe. The missionaries Gumilla and Gili had not been able to penetrate into the country where the curare is manufactured. Gumilla asserts, that 'this preparation was enveloped in great mystery; that its principal ingredient was furnished by a subterranean plant, by a tuberoso root, which never puts forth leaves, and which is called the root, by way of eminence, *raiz de si misma*; that the venomous exhalations, which arise from the pots, cause the old women (the most useless) to perish, who are chosen to watch over this operation;

prevailed at a late period among the peasantry of Lower Languedoc, who imagined that a marriage concluded in the month of May, would lead to the premature death of one of the parties.—*Astruc. Mem. pour l'Hist. Nat. du Languedoc.*"

finally, that these vegetable juices never appear sufficiently concentrated, till a few drops produce at a distance a repulsive action on the blood. An Indian wounds himself slightly; and a dart dipped in the liquid *curare* is held near the wound. If it make the blood return to the vessels without having been brought into contact with them, the poison is judged to be sufficiently concentrated. I shall not stop to refute these popular tales collected by Father Gumilla.

"When we (he continues) arrived at Esmeralda, the greater part of the Indians were returning from an excursion which they had made to the east beyond the Rio Padamo, to gather *juius*, or the fruit of the *bertholletia*, and the *fiana* which yields the *curare*. Their return was celebrated by a festival, which is called in the mission *la fiesta de las juius*, and which resembles our harvest homes and vintage feasts. The women had prepared a quantity of fermented liquor, and during two days the Indians were in a state of intoxication. Among nations that attach great importance to the fruits of the palm-trees, and of some others useful for the nourishment of man, the period when these fruits are gathered is marked by public rejoicings, and time is divided according to these festivals, which succeed one another in a course invariably the same. We were fortunate enough to find an old Indian less drunk than the rest, who was employed in preparing the *curare* poison from freshly-gathered plants. He was the chemist of the place. We found at his dwelling large earthen pots for boiling the vegetable juice, shallower vessels to favour the evaporation by a larger surface, and leaves of the plain-tain-tree rolled up in the shape of our filters, and used to filtrate the liquids, more or less loaded with fibrous matter. The greatest order and neatness prevailed in this hut, which was transformed into a chemical laboratory. The Indian, who was to instruct us, is known throughout the mission by the name of the *master of poison* (*amo del curare*); he had that self-sufficient air and tone of pedantry, of which the pharmacopologists of Europe were formerly accused. 'I know,' said he, 'that the whites have the secret of fabricating soap, and that black powder, which has the defect of making a noise, and killing animals, when they are wanted. The *curare*, which we prepare from father to son, is superior to any thing you can make down yonder (beyond sea). It is the juice of an herb which kills silently (without any one knowing whence the stroke comes).'

"This chemical operation, to which the *master of the curare* attached so much importance, appears to us extremely simple. The *fiana* (*brjaco*), which is used at Esmeralda for the preparation of the poison, bears the same name as in the forests of Javita. It is the *bejuco de manacure*, which is gathered in abundance east of the mission, on the left bank of the Oroonoko, beyond the Rio Amaguena, in the mountainous and granitic lands of Guanaya and Yumariquin.

"The juice of the *fiana*, when it has been recently gathered, is not regarded as poisonous; perhaps it acts in a sensible manner only when it is strongly concentrated. It

is the bark and a part of the albumen, which contains this terrible poison.—Branches of the *manacure* four or five lines in diameter, are scraped with a knife; and the bark that comes off is bruised, and reduced into very thin filaments, on the stone employed for grinding cassava. The venomous juice being yellow, the whole fibrous mass takes this colour. It is thrown into a funnel nine inches high, with an opening four inches wide. This funnel was, of all the instruments of the Indian laboratory, that of which the *master of poison* seemed to be most proud. He asked us repeatedly, if *por allá* (down yonder, that is in Europe) we had ever seen any thing to be compared to his *empudo*. It was a leaf of the plain-tain-tree rolled up in the form of a cone, and placed in another stronger cone made of the leaves of the palm-tree. The whole of this apparatus was supported by slight framework made of the petioli and ribs of palm-leaves. A cold infusion is first prepared by pouring water on the fibrous matter, which is the ground bark of the *manacure*. A yellowish water filters during several hours, drop by drop, through the leafy funnel. This filtered water is the venomous liquor, but it acquires strength only when it is concentrated by evaporation, like melasses in a large earthen pot. The Indian from time to time invited us to taste the liquid; its taste, more or less bitter, decides when the concentration by fire has been carried sufficiently far. There is no danger in this operation, the *curare* being deleterious only when it comes into immediate contact with the blood. The vapours, therefore, that are disengaged from the pans, are not hurtful, notwithstanding what has been asserted on this point by the missionaries of the Oroonoko. Fontana, in his fine experiments on the poison of the *ticunas* of the river of Amazons, long ago proved, that the vapours rising from this poison, when thrown on burning charcoal, may be inhaled without apprehension; and that it is false as M. de La Condamine has announced, that Indian women, when condemned to death, have been killed by the vapours of the poison of the *ticunas*.

The juice is thickened with a glutinous substance to cause it to stick to the darts, which it renders mortal; but taken internally, the Indians consider the *curare* to be an excellent stomachic. "Scarcely a fowl is eaten (adds our author,) on the banks of the Oroonoko, which has not been killed with a poisoned arrow. The missionaries pretend, that the flesh of animals is never so good as when these means are employed. Father Zea, who accompanied us, though ill of a tertian fever, caused every morning the live fowl allotted for our repast to be brought to his hammock, together with an arrow. Notwithstanding his habitual state of weakness, he would not confide this operation, to which he attached great importance, to any other person. Large birds, a guan (*pava de monte*) for instance, or a curassoa (*alector*), when wounded in the thigh, perish in two or three minutes; but it is often ten or twelve before a pig or a peccari expires."

M. Humboldt does not seem to be ac-

quainted with any certain antidote, if such exists, to this fatal poison. Sugar, garlic, the muriate of soda, &c. are mentioned doubtfully. In London, some very curious experiments were tried on animals, somewhat resembling those used to restore suspended animation by drowning. By keeping up a constant motion of the lungs (by inflation with bellows and expiration through pressure), for many hours, it was supposed that the creature apparently killed by the *curare* would revive: we are not informed whether the operation ever succeeded, but we believe that several dead horses and asses refused to come to life again! But to return to the narrative.

"The old Indian, who was called the *master of poison*, seemed flattered by the interest we had taken in his chemical processes. He found us sufficiently intelligent to have no doubt that we knew how to make soap, and, next to the fabrication of *curare*, this art appeared to him one of the finest inventions of the human mind. When the liquid poison was poured into the vessels prepared for this purpose, we accompanied the Indian to the *festival of the juius*. The harvest of *juius*, or fruits of the *bertholletia excelsea*, was celebrated by dancing, and the excesses of the most savage intoxication. The hut, where the natives were assembled, displayed, during several days, a very singular aspect. There was neither table nor bench, but large roasted monkeys, blackened by smoke, were ranged in order, resting against the wall. These were the *marinondes* (ateles belzebuth), and those bearded monkeys called *capuchins*, which must not be confounded with the weeper, or sai (*simia capucina* of Buffon). The manner of roasting these anthropomorphous animals contributes singularly to render their appearance disagreeable in the eyes of civilized man. A little grating or lattice of very hard wood is formed, and raised one foot from the ground. The monkey is skinned, and bent into a sitting posture; the head generally resting on the arms, which are meagre and long; but sometimes these are crossed behind the back. When it is tied on the grating, a very clear fire is kindled below. The monkey, enveloped in smoke and flame, is broiled and blackened at the same time. On seeing the natives devour the arm or leg of a roasted monkey, it is difficult not to believe, that this habit of eating animals, that so much resemble man in their physical organization, has, in a certain degree, contributed to diminish the horror of anthropophagy among savages. Roasted monkeys, particularly those that have a very round head, display a hideous resemblance to a child; the Europeans therefore, who are obliged to feed on quadrumanes, prefer separating the head and the hands, and serve up only the rest of the animal at their tables. The flesh of monkeys is so lean and dry, that Mr. Bonpland has preserved in his collections at Paris an arm and hand, which had been broiled over the fire at Esmeralda; and no smell arises from them after a great number of years.

"We saw the Indians dance. The monotony of this dance is increased by the we-

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men not daring to take a part in it. The men, young and old, form a circle, holding each other's hands, and turn sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, for whole hours, with silent gravity. Most frequently the dancers themselves are the musicians. Feeble sounds, drawn from a series of reeds of different lengths, form a slow and plaintive accompaniment. The first dancer, to mark the time, bends both knees in a kind of cadence. Sometimes they all make a pause in their places, and execute little oscillatory movements, bending the body from one side to the other. These reeds, ranged in a line, and fastened together, resemble the pipe of Pan, as we find it represented in the bacchanalian processions on Grecian vases. To unite reeds of different lengths, and make them sound in succession by passing them before the lips, is a simple idea, and naturally presented itself to every nation. We were surprised to see with what promptitude the young Indians constructed and tuned these pipes, when they found reeds (*carices*) on the bank of the river. Men, in a state of nature, in every zone, make great use of these graminæ with high stalks. The Greeks said with truth, that reeds had contributed to subjugate nations by furnishing arrows, to soften men's manners by the charm of music, and to unfold their understanding by affording the first instruments for tracing letters. These different uses of reeds mark in some sort three different periods in the life of nations. We must admit, that the tribes of the Oroonoko are found at the first step of dawning civilisation. The reed serves them only as an instrument of war and of hunting; and the Pan's pipes, of which we have spoken, have not yet, on those distant shores, yielded sounds capable of awakening mild and humane feelings."

M. H. gives an interesting account of the *Juvia*, (chestnut-trees), the harvested fruits of which cause the natives to rejoice so much; but there is another tree, the character of which is still more curious. It is thus described:—

"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida *shirt trees* fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head: and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of *marima* in the rainy season: they have the form of the *ponchos* and *ruanas* of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of Nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say in showing the shirts of *marima*, 'in the forests of the Oroonoko, garments are found ready made on the trees.' We may add to this tale of the shirts the pointed caps, which the spathes of certain palm-trees furnish, and which resemble coarse network."

"At the festival of which we were spec-

tators, the women were excluded from the dance, and every sort of public rejoicing; they were daily occupied in serving the men with roasted monkey, fermented liquors, and the palm cabbage. I mention this last production, which has the taste of our cauliflowers, because in no other country had we seen specimens of such an immense size. The leaves that are not unfolded are confounded with the young stem, and we measured cylinders of six feet long and five inches in diameter. Another substance, which is much more nutritive, is obtained from the animal kingdom: this is *fish flour*. The Indians in all the Upper Oroonoko fry fish, dry them in the sun, and reduce them to powder without separating the bones. I have seen masses of fifty or sixty pounds of this flour, which resembles that of cassava. When it is wanted for eating, it is mixed with water, and reduced to a paste. In every climate the abundance of fish has led to the invention of the same means of preserving them. Pliny and Diodorus Siculus have described the *fish bread* of the ichthyophagous nations, that dwelt on the Persian gulf, and the shores of the Red Sea."

(To be Continued.)

Original Copages.

CHAP. VI.

The Winter of 1816, on the Columbia River.—Alarming Fire.—Sail for the Sandwich Islands.—Account of the Columbiæ.—Manners and Customs of the Natives.

In August, 1816, we once more touched at the Columbia, unloaded, and refitted. We lived in tents on shore, within a fence erected to keep the Indians from stealing our tools. On the 3rd of September our cook died, after four months' illness. On the 9th, two canoes, belonging to the N.W. Company, arrived from the interior; they had left the brigade, consisting of nine canoes and about seventy men, encamped at Oak-point, sixty miles up the river. On the 1st of October, the whole brigade of canoes arrived with furs; and, on the 5th, they again sailed (well armed) with stores for the interior, under the direction of Mr. McKenzie. At this time, the season is wet; we therefore built sheds for the carpenters to work under; and, to the middle of November, all hands were working hard to get the vessel ready for sea before the winter set in.

November the 21st, we were much alarmed by a fire breaking out, about seven o'clock in the evening, at the fort; we lost no time in hastening to their assistance with our buckets, and in the course of half an hour got it completely under with the loss of only one house. Providentially, it was raining very hard, as, if there had been the least wind, the whole place must inevitably have been destroyed, with all our rigging, sails, stores, &c. &c., and we should have been left at the mercy of barbarous Indians, without the means of helping ourselves. On the breaking out of the fire, the natives all fled from the village, making a dreadful noise.

December 1st, our hull being complete, we hauled off in the stream to take our masts in, after having lain on shore for nearly four months. The first month of our stay here, the weather was delightful, and we were well supplied with excellent salmon and sturgeon, and a variety of small fish. Latterly we had much rain, thunder and lightning, heavy gales of wind from S.W. to S.E. The N.W. winds prevailed here in summer, and, in the winter, from S.W. to S.E., with thick, rainy weather. While here, I employed an Indian hunter; who, with my finding powder and shot, supplied the ship with ducks, geese, and swans, for one blanket. He furnished me so largely, that I made him a present of the musket, when I left the river, for which he was most grateful, and made me many presents.

On the 6th of January, 1817, Lewis Lapham, our armourer, died, truly regretted, as he was a very serviceable man. On the 10th, we crossed the bar and got safe to sea. And now, while the ship is making for the Sandwich Islands, I shall endeavour to give an account of the Columbia river, with the manners of the people.

Cape Disappointment forms the north point of the river; it is in the latitude of 46° 19' north, and longitude 123° 54' west; it is high, bluff land, very remarkable, and covered with wood. On that part which faces the S.W., there are a great many dead trees; and the bluff, or face of the cape, is quite bare. Point Adams forms the south side of the river; it is a low point, about seven miles from Cape Disappointment, in a S.E. direction, with a number of trees scattered over it. There is a sand-bank which runs from point Adams to within two miles of the Cape, and also another which runs from Cape Disappointment, in a S.W. direction, about two miles; this bank, of course, lies considerably outside the other, and the two are formed by the sea heaving up the sand when the wind sets in strong from the S.W., when, for some days, the sea breaks from point to point without any channel, and after the wind abates, the channel is again opened by the tide, which strikes Cape Disappointment, turns off in a S.W. direction, and divides both sands. Ships going into the river, may stand in without fear in mid-channel, till they bring the easternmost bluff of the cape to bear N.E., then haul up for it immediately, and, if bound into Baker's-bay, keep close round the cape, and come too in five fathoms, the cape bearing south. Upon getting into the bay, you lose the tide; if bound up the river, run out of the bay, and bring Tongue-point open about a ship's length, with Che-nook or Village-point, the former makes like an island, and is about seven miles above Point Adams, on the south side of the river; the latter is a remarkable hill, about seven miles above Cape Disappointment, known by a large clear patch on the side, and the only clear piece of ground in sight. In mid-channel, you have from seven to nine fathoms sandy bottom. In beating up or down, come no nearer the shore than four fathoms, or farther off than thirteen fathoms, which you will have on

the edge of the banks; there is good anchorage above Chinook-point, in eight fathoms. The river is full of sand-banks, formed by the numerous small rivers that branch off in various directions from the main one. The country, on both sides, is formed of impenetrable woods, chiefly pine, elder, maple, and birch trees; further up, there are plenty of good oaks and ash. The first tribe of Indians we saw were called the Chickeloes, under a chief, named Calpo. They come from a place called Classet, to the northward of the river, on the sea coast, and bring otter and beaver skins to trade at the fort. They encamp in Baker's-bay, and continue, from June to October, curing salmon and sturgeon for the winter. They are a very warlike people, and extremely dangerous, taking every advantage if you are off your guard. So hostile and treacherous were they, that we never allowed the men of this tribe to come on board.

About five miles up the river, on the north side, stands the Chinook village. The king of this tribe is called Com Comly, or Madsaw, which, in the Chinook tongue, signifies Thunder. The village consists of about thirty houses, built of wood, and very large; they are formed of boards, with the edges resting on each other, and fastened with stripes of bark to upright posts, which are stuck in the ground on either side of them. Some have ridge-pole and rafters, but the chief part are nearly flat on the top; they have old mats spread inside and out, to keep out the wind and rain. In every house there are from five to fifteen families, and each family has a fire in the middle of the building. On the sides they have their bed places, raised about a foot from the earth, and covered with mats; where they *pig in* all together, men, women, and children. The houses are decorated with rude carved images, which they call *clamas*, or gods, but they do not seem to pay any kind of homage or attention to them. Their furniture consists of boxes or chests, hollowed from the solid wood, of all sizes, and curiously carved; and of a number of baskets, which they work so close as to hold water. In the boxes they keep their property and spare garments, and also their dry provision. When the Indians shift to their winter quarters, they carry all the planks and mats of their houses with them, leaving nothing but the rafters and frame standing. They are filthy to the extreme; allow whole piles of fishentrails and other uncleanness to lie in the middle of the houses, never attempting to clear it away. Even in their eating they are very nasty; I have frequently seen them with a piece of meat, half roasted, in the dirt and ashes, lying on the ground with their feet on it, and tearing like wild beasts with their teeth. After their fish is boiled, they turn it out on a mat, or, if they have not got one readily, on the ground, and collect round it like a pack of hounds, devouring it and all. Their mode of boiling fish, vegetables, &c. &c. is rather singular, and deserves to be related. They put whatever is to be cooked into a basket, and, nearly filling it with water, place it on the ground;

they then proceed to boil or sodden it, by putting in red-hot stones (of which they have a number for the purpose) in quick succession, until the victuals are done to their satisfaction.

The chief employment of the men is to hunt and fish; they are, however, generally speaking, very lazy, and their young men lie basking in the sun, on the sides of the river, for hours together. The women and girls are employed in making hats, mats, &c. and in collecting berries and wood. These people have not the least notion of tilling the ground; they trust to Providence for every thing, and derive their chief support from the river and sea. They collect plenty of berries and fish in summer to last them through the winter. The former they preserve by mixing them up with salmon or seal oil, and making them into lumps, set them to dry in the sun. When sufficiently dry, they are laid by in boxes and baskets for winter. The salmon they cure by splitting it up into four slices, and running splinters of wood across them. These they also dry in the sun, and then hang them up in the houses, where they are soon smoked and laid by for use. They are cured without salt, which is never used. The Indian women are complete drudges, yet they seem to work cheerfully. They have a root here like the potatoe, called by the natives *wapitoe*; it grows chiefly in swampy ground, and is collected in September.

The men are very stout and hardy; their height from 5 feet to 5 feet eight inches, well proportioned, and with very little beard. They wear a dress made of the skins of the wood-rat, sewed neatly together and thrown over the shoulders: this garment is the same in both sexes (with the addition of a petticoat, which the women wear.) It goes under the right arm and above the left, where it fastens with a wooden skewer, being open down the side, so that it leaves both arms at liberty for the use of their weapons. Their ears are perforated in many parts, and small bits of leather fastened in, from which hang shells in shape not much dissimilar to a game cock's spur, and about one inch in length. These shells are called *hiauqua*. The nose is also perforated, from which beads are suspended; and sometimes a large goose or swan's quill is pushed through. They anoint their bodies with a sort of red ochre and seal oil; and are very expert in the use of the bow, bludgeon, and dagger. Their bows are made of pine, about four feet long, and, in the middle, two inches broad, tapering off towards each end. The sinew of the elk is laid on the back of the bow, which bends it the contrary way, and strengthens it; the string is also made of the sinew of the elk, and it requires a man of some strength to string them. The Chenooks are very expert in the use of this weapon; they will stand on the deck and stick an arrow into the truck with ease. Their arrows are made of light wood, and pointed with stone, bone, glass, ivory, or iron. Those barbed with ivory I have seen pierce a three-quarter of an inch plank at twelve yards distance. One day some of

our people were practising the bow on board; they stood aft, and endeavoured to strike a small looking-glass placed on the bow of the vessel, but none of them could succeed. An Indian, who was standing by, laughed most heartily at them, and taking up his bow, stood on the stern, and shooting, broke the glass in pieces, at a distance of 95 feet, the mark being about three inches square. The bludgeon is made of bone or iron, about two feet long, and stout in proportion, and handsomely carved and ornamented; the daggers are made of flint-stone or iron, and are held by the middle, so that they use both ends. The natives have a kind of loop to the bludgeon and dagger, which goes over the wrist, to prevent their being wrenched out of their hands; and they never stir out without one of these weapons. Their original tools are chisels made out of the pine knot, axes of stone, and stone mallets. With these they split large cedar trees into planks, with which they build their houses. Their canoes are very simple; some are large enough to carry 30 people, being about 40 feet long, the middle nearly 6 feet broad, and becoming gradually narrower toward the end. They are about two feet deep, handsomely ornamented and painted; the ornamental parts are the teeth of the wolf and sea-otter, which navigators have taken for human teeth. The paddles are made light and small, the length generally 6 feet, of which 2½ feet forms the blade; the lower end is forked like a fish's tail, and the upper end is *crutched* very neatly. In the canoes they keep nets, hooks, harpoons, and fish-gigs, &c., also long spears for spearing salmon. The Chenook women are short and very stout, with thick and often bandy legs. Their hair, which is jet black, they allow to hang loose all round their heads and over their shoulders, never cutting it off unless at the death of some near relative. They wear, as I have noticed, a petticoat made of rushes twisted over a string, with ends hanging loosely down. This garment reaches the knee, and keeps them very warm. The war-dress of the men is made of the elk-skin, which is dressed in the interior; it is very thick and yet pliable; an arrow cannot penetrate it, and I have even tried with a pistol-ball at the distance of 12 yards without effect. It is worn exactly as the common dress, but is doubled about the body. The men also wear a hat in the shape of a cone, with a string that fastens under the chin. These people have a horrid custom of flattening the heads of infants. When a child is born, they lay it in a small canoe or cradle made for that purpose; they then fix a pad on the forehead and bind it tight down, and keep it so till it broadens the face and forces the eyes out, giving them a most ferocious appearance. When the child screams with pain, they loosen the bandage and hold it to the breast; the flatter the head is, the greater the beauty in their estimation. Polygamy is allowed, and they keep three or four wives; they are not jealous, and so far from being at all delicate, they allow their women to go on board ship,

and remain for weeks, taking care, however, to be well paid beforehand. Their mode of burying the dead is to fasten them in a small canoe with all their property, and hang the vessel up between two trees or stakes; they then cover them with mats.

Arts and Sciences.

POLISH STATISTICS AND LITERATURE. IN 1821.

THE Report which Mr. Stanislaus Staszic, President of the Royal Society of Sciences, at Warsaw, has made upon the labours of the society for the last eight years, gives a very advantageous idea both of the object of this learned body, and of the activity which the members in general have displayed in promoting it. This society, which was founded by the Prussian government, encouraged by the king of Saxony, and is at present under the Russian patronage, directs its attention to the following objects:—"To fix and purify the national language; to preserve the history of the kingdom; to acquire as perfect a knowledge as possible of the topography, statistics, natural history and commerce of their country; and, lastly, to diffuse among the Poles all the knowledge and arts which are indispensable to the happiness and welfare of the nation." Its labours, with respect to the national language, have been chiefly directed to the introduction of a uniform method of orthography and pronunciation. The society has commissioned one of its members to compose a Normal grammar, and intends to form a complete dictionary of the Polish language. With regard to the national history, it is divided among several members, each of whom has engaged to furnish a particular period. Besides this, it has caused the archives of Poland, and of the neighbouring states, to be examined, and has consulted ancient monuments, family archives, medals, &c., and has, in short, done every thing to procure a complete collection of historical documents. The society has also published an outline of the history of Poland, for youth; and, after the model of what Lavater has done for Switzerland, circulated among the people a collection of ballads, celebrating the great actions of the Poles.

The Scientific Section has chiefly employed itself in investigations useful to the country, and has published several essays on the nature of the soil, and the different mines of Poland. It is, at present, employed on a geognostic map of the country. Particular attention has been paid to cochineal,* which was formerly an important article of trade, and is still employed in dying coarse stuffs. Several members of the society are of opinion, that this trade might be revived, by proper encouragement. The society has further directed its attention to the yellow amber, the production of which is still a problem. One of the members, who is in possession of a considerable amber mine himself, has proved, that this substance is a fossil resin,

issuing from a kind of tree, the fruit of which resembles pine cones, and where it is found in large masses, is always near the trunks of such trees.

The Agricultural Section has hitherto taken uncommon pains to acquire a knowledge of the new methods of cultivation, and of those agricultural implements, which mature experience recommends as substitutes for the old ones. It has been engaged in the investigation of the causes and symptoms of the contagious diseases among cattle, so frequent in Poland, and to discover the most efficacious remedies against them.

The Medical Section has directed its attention to the diseases peculiar to the country, particularly the *Plica Polonica*. The means which the society employs for the more easy attainment of the objects proposed, are—first, medals and prizes designed for those who have furnished the best essays on the prize-questions proposed; then a public library; a cabinet of natural history; and, lastly and principally, the constant care to crown with honor the names of those who have served their country by talents or remarkable discoveries. It was with this view that the society invited the nation to erect a monument in honor of Copernicus.*

Among the latest productions of Polish literature; we observe the Dramatic Works of Boguslawski, 15 vols. 8vo. with plates and portraits. This work is one of the finest literary enterprises ever undertaken in Poland. It is to be published, 3 vols. at a time, with plates. The first three have appeared, and the remainder will be published at intervals of three months. The services which the author has rendered the Polish nation, are very great recommendations. He was formerly the manager of the National Theatre, of which he was the founder, and his own works served as the basis of this monument of his reputation. The principal merit of his pieces consists in their originality, and the accuracy with which the characters whom he brings upon the stage are drawn. A considerable part of his dramas are translated from the French, Italian, English, and German; in the last he has been particularly happy. To each of his translated pieces he has prefixed a biographical memoir of the author of the original, an analysis of the play translated, and a critique on the other works of the same author.

The first volume contains the history of the foundation and progress of the Polish theatre, and each volume has, as an appendix, the life of some celebrated Polish actor who is either deceased or has retired from the stage. The printing of the work is very well executed, and shows that the art of typography, so long neglected in Poland, has been so greatly improved, that the Polish press may vie with those of the rest of Europe. This improvement is chiefly owing to Mr. Glucksberg, who, with the assistance

* We have already given an account of this monument, in a preceding Number of the Literary Gazette.—Ed.

of an overseer who worked for Firmin Didot at Paris, has succeeded in rendering the productions of his press, if not entirely, yet nearly equal in beauty to those of that celebrated printer.

Mr. Adam Kasperowski has enriched Polish literature by a translation of the "Veglie di Tasso."—Count Stanislaus Dunin-Borowski, a very judicious observer, and possessing great knowledge of languages and of the fine arts, has published his *Travels in Italy* in the years 1815 and 1816, 1 vol. 8vo. —The Princess Isabella Czartoryska has published "The Pilgrim at Dobromil; or, Rural Instruction," 1 vol. 12mo. with 41 lithographic prints. It is designed for the instruction and entertainment of the peasantry, and contains an outline of the history of Poland, and several moral tales. The style is simple, and adapted to the comprehension of that class of people for whom it is designed. A second volume is already in the press, which is to inculcate the principles of morality in the same pleasing dress.—The three first numbers of a collection of portraits of celebrated Poles, in imperial folio, have already appeared. The editors of this work are Count Chodkiewicz, and the Abbé Czarnecki. The care bestowed on the typographical execution and the delicacy with which the lithographic portraits are managed by Mr. Sliwicki, render this collection a truly splendid work.—"Sylvan" is a Journal which appears every three months; the principal editor of which, is Count Lewis Plater, (well-known for his extensive knowledge), assisted by a number of learned and able coadjutors, and professors of the University of Warsaw. Three numbers, illustrated with numerous plates, have already been published. Though it bears the title of "Sylvan, or Journal for Foresters," it also embraces zoology, surveying, botany, and agriculture.

From the Report on the present state of the kingdom, laid before the Polish Diet by Count von Mottowsky, it appears that, according to an accurate census, the population of the kingdom of Poland amounts to 3,438,728 souls; so that the loss occasioned by the war is already supplied. Many causes have contributed to this increase in the population; among these are the numerous settlements of foreign colonists, the return of a considerable number of Poles to their own country, the increased number of marriages from which an augmentation of the prosperity of the country may be inferred, and the effects of vaccination, by which a number of victims are annually saved from death. With the increase of population, and the enjoyment of peace, agriculture also is extended and improved. The breeds of cattle are also improved in proportion as they increase, by the assistance derived from the establishments, in which the government collects the finest kinds for propagating the species. The agricultural schools, the draining of marshes, and the making of new roads, likewise contribute to the happy changes which are observed in the kingdom. The tendency to amelioration which pervades every branch of

* Query, Madder.—Ed.

the administration, is felt in the cities as much as in the country. The magistrates have, with success, adopted several measures for promoting cleanliness, and especially with regard to the paving and lighting of the towns. The increase of brick-kilns enables people to build with more solidity. A fire insurance-company is established. The service of the hospitals and houses of correction is better regulated. Manufactories are increasing, and those of cloth begin to furnish the ordinary supply. The works in the mines, and stone quarries, are carried on with augmented activity. The Polish army, too, so distinguished for its bravery, has gained, with respect to the order of the service and the administration, it is almost wholly clothed in the produce of the national manufactures, a circumstance which saves the country a tribute of two million florins per annum to foreigners. A committee has been appointed to draw up a plan for the establishment of a national bank.

Literature and Learned Societies.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, for the distribution of the Prizes proposed for the present Year.

THE subject of one of these prizes was, "to inquire into the state of the government, and legislation of France, at the accession of St. Louis to the Throne; and to show what were the effects of the institutions of that prince at the close of his reign." The prize was divided between M. Arthur Bengnot, and M. P. Miguet, both advocates.

The subject of the second prize was, "to compare the existing monuments of the ancient empire of Persia and Chaldea, whether edifices, bas-reliefs, statues, inscriptions, amulets, coins, engraved stones, cylinders, &c., with the religious doctrines and allegories in the *Zendavesta*, and with the information transmitted to us by the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Oriental writers, on the opinions and customs of the Chaldeans and Persians."

The Academy was of opinion, that none of the memorials sent for competition fulfilled all the conditions requisite for obtaining this prize.

The subject for the prize to be adjudged in July, 1823, is, "to investigate from historical monuments, and principally from those of the north of Europe, the causes of the numerous emigrations of the people known under the general name of Normans, and to trace the history of their incursions and establishments throughout the whole extent of Gaul."

The subject of another prize to be adjudged in July, 1823, is, "to examine the state of the Jews in France, from the commencement of the fifth century to the close of the sixth, under the different relations of civil law, commerce, and literature."

These two last-mentioned prizes will each be a gold medal worth 1,500 francs.

Original Poetry.

To a Young Friend, with a Souvenir Book.

Nor that I deem there needs a token,
When once affection's seal is set,
To keep its impress long unbroken
On memory's sainted amulet;
Nor that I fear thy thoughts estrang'd
From me, or one kind feeling chang'd
By time or absence, yet—
Twine I this votive wreath for thee,
To speak to thy young soul of me.

No, but 'mid passion, grief, and wrong,
Dull hate, dark envy, strife, and pain—
'Mid various ills that round me throng,
And press upon my heart and brain—
Without a hope of peace to quell
The woes that bid my bosom swell,
Breathe I a farewell strain,
In this wild hour, to let thee see
Gloom hath not banish'd thoughts of thee.

What! though my waywardness hath wrung
Too oft thy heart with words unkind,
When, by some secret sorrow stung,
Thou couldst not picture to thy mind—
My visions of unrest and sadness
Were wrought to momentary madness;
Still, whatso'er my tongue
Utter'd unheeding, believe me,
I lov'd; albeit, I sought to grieve thee.

It may be, thou hast wrong'd me too
With doubts injurious and unjust,
But let that pass; we'll not renew
What should be written in the dust.
Perchance the fault was mine; if not
'Tis meet that it should be forgot,
Since now, no more, Mist rust
Can come with looks of lurid light,
The friendship of our souls to blight.

But there are gentle deeds of thine
These simple strains may ill repay,
Cell'd in my bosom's inmost shrine,
And doom'd to triumph o'er decay;
Tho' ev'ry sterner dream be faded,
Which my young brow so oft hath shaded,
They shall not pass away;
For, with a pencil dip in light,
Such thoughts on adamant I write.

Years have gone by since first we met,
And I have fondly mark'd thy bud
Of youth, by sorrow's dew unmet,
Expanding into womanhood;
The flower is now matur'd,—and ne'er
May the corroding worm of care
'Mid its sweet folds intrude;
But ever be its blooms unrv'n,
Unless to be transferr'd to Heav'n.

Oh! may the tissue of thy years
From time but added beauty borrow,
And, free from warring hopes and fears,
Unstain'd, unbreath'd upon by sorrow—
Flow on as undisturb'd by ill
As waters when the winds are still,
'Till comes a glorious morrow,
To call thee hence from life away
To realms of never-ending day.

And since e'en bliss alone to bear
Is woe, but in a lessen'd measure,
May those thy bosom holds most dear
Partake with thee thy cup of pleasure;
That so, with such sweet sympathy,
Nothing remain to claim thy sigh,
No prized, regretted treasure,
But blessing in thyself, and blest,
Thou mayst enjoy alloyless rest.

And oh! may she whose tender care,
Whilst yet she linger'd upon earth,
Was how to make her flower more fair;
Pride of the stem that gave it birth;
May she upon thy sojourn here,
Look down from her exalted sphere
Of purity and worth,
Shield thee from every coming ill,
And be thy guide—protectress still.
Farewell! whate'er my future lot,
And darker sure it ne'er can be;
Pain, envy, hate, and strife forgot,
I'll still remember "thine and thee."
And the big tear which wildly started
In thy blue eyes when last we parted,
Doth well attest to me,—
That thou wilt never cease to dwell
Upon thy wayward friend.—FAREWELL!
April, 1819.

THE DESERT.

[Fragment of an unpublished Arabian Tale.]

Far as the eye can reach, and all around,
Is one vast, sandy, solitude profound.
Wrapt in its deep and sultry stillness sleeps
The weary void; no soothing vapour steeps
The soil in freshness; not an herb is there,
Nor shadowing tree; but, barren, lone, and bare,
It seems as if an ocean, by the will
Of heaven transfixt, had all at once stood still;
And its blue waves, beneath the dread command,
Sunk to a sudden mass of lifeless sand.
But who are yon lone Wanderers of the waste,
Who track that pathless way with fearful haste?
Toil-worn they seem; and yet they press the
steed,

As though the hope of life were in its speed.
Deem they, ere sets yon fiery orb, to gain
The confines of the wild?—that hope is vain.
Or dream they, vainer still! they yet may slake
Their thirst within yon distant phantom-lake?
Alas! it flies, and leaves the fever'd tongue
To curse the doubt to which they fondly clung:
Awhile they pause, in weariness, to view
The changeless scene they still must traverse
through.

Drear as the past is yet the wild to come;
And still they seem, beneath the burning dome
Of heaven, to stand the centre of that plain,
Where throneless Desolation holds his reign.
Around—around they turn the weary eye;
But all is waste.—Afair, at length, they spy
A solitary palm-tree, which they bless,
As 'twere the land-mark of the wilderness.
Onward again they speed;—'tis reach'd—'tis
past!

Another still allures them like the last;
Stretching its wither'd arms, as if to show,
In mockery, the way they yet must go.

H. A. D.

Camden Town, 6th Aug. 1821.

STANZAE.

On! there are beams so purely bright,
They seem not meant for earth,
They shed the liquid glow of light,
That speaks their heavenly birth;
Then sink again in ether blue,
Regain their native sphere,
And fade for ever from the view,
Too bright to linger here.

Oh! such wert thou we've just resign'd,
In brighter worlds to shine,
And tho' in tears we're left behind,
We dare not to repine.
Too well, alas! we learn'd to love,
Too little learn'd to know,
That one so form'd for worlds above,
Would ne'er be left below!

M. Leman Rede.

BALLAD.

On! wake the harp no more,
Thou sweet the strain you sing,
Only one hand could o'er
Its chords such magic fling!

And bid the tear,
Or stifled sighs,
Quick disappear,
Or fleetly rise.

Only one voice could give
That charm, that spell at will,
And bid the bard's words live
In fleeting memory still.

Thou' months might flee,
In grief, in care,
Still memory
Retain'd them there.

Sweet voice! long may'st thou sigh
Thy song of passion o'er,
To swains as dear, tho' I
Shall hear thy song no more!
Lov'd may'st thou be,
May years glide, e'er
Time steals from thee
A gift so rare.

R. R.

Sketches of Society.

Mint and Walnuts;

OR, AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.

CHAP. XXXI.

Dean Swift's Visit to Crispin Tucker, of old London-bridge.

"Good morrow, master Crispin," thus familiarly saluted the dean of St. Patrick the spruce old Tucker, as he entered his little slip of a shop under the gateway on London-bridge. "Well, how does the world use you these ticklish times?"—"Thank your reverence," answered the civil shopkeeper, (perceiving at once the clerical cut of his visitor), "quite as well as my neighbours, and much better than I deserve, God mend me!"—"That's more than I can say," gruffly replied the dean. "I am sorry to hear that, reverend Sir," said Crispin, regarding his person from head to foot, "very sorry, indeed!" "Sorry," said Swift, "why should you be sorry, man? Why I question if we ever met before! Sorry sauce is *sour* sauce at a first greeting; so they have it in my country." "Perhaps so," answered Crispin Tucker, "but as your greeting was kind, and your own story not so contented as mine, I might express my sorrow, *though we are strangers*." "Yes," said Swift, looking sternly, "this is the way your grave sinners impose on one another: *Good morrow*, said I, not caring a copper farthing about you; and you meet my worthless compliment with your affected sympathy; we ought to be ashamed of ourselves—Out upon it! Let us mend our manners, 'tis high time—Out upon it," drawing a leather bottomed stool towards him with his foot, and gravely shaking his head as he at the same time carelessly opened an old book; then laying down his hat, as he was about to be seated, the bookseller begged he might first wipe the seat. "No, no, I'll wipe it myself," said the dean, eyeing him

almost out of countenance, whilst he dusted the seat with the tail of his coat, adding, with another serious shake of his head, "Ah, master Crispin! you are *mighty civil spoken*, like your neighbours; that costs not much; but as for thy sorrow, man—I don't believe a word of the matter." "The more's the pity," said Crispin. "For why?" demanded the dean. "For why? reverend sir," retorted the bookseller, "why if thy faith were but as a grain of mustard-seed, thou mightest remove a mountain." "Oh! oh!" answered the dean, looking him through with his keen eye, "what, you quote Holy Writ, do you; you are right, master Crispin, ticket your wares with texts of Scripture, and you may cheat that wily old trickster Beelzebub himself. Out upon it, master Crispin, no wonder you thrive.

When shopkeepers *preach*,
The Devil may *screetch*—

so the saying is in my country." "That must be a strange land of your's, your reverence, where this is delivered as Gospel." "Why, master Crispin, I come from a strange country, sure enough; there you have hit it," changing his countenance at once to a smile; "mine is a land of wondrous odd mortals, sure enough! But what have we here, 'good man!' reaching from the window one of the prints of Milton, More, and Cowley; and turning suddenly round upon Crispin, who was slyly reading his features, "Heigh, what is this? Did Pope write these lines?"

"I should be ashamed to utter falsehood to you," said the bookseller. "And why to me?" said the dean with quickness, suspecting he was known. "Because of your sacred cloth," replied the sagacious Crispin, bowing respectfully. "No, sir, Pope did not write them." "Then who did?" demanded the dean. "That I am not bound to confess," answered Crispin, smiling. "I could mark the man," said the dean, looking steadfastly in his face, "Are you not he?" "Mark yourself with the sign of the Cross," replied the collected bookseller, "and I perchance may answer." "That is not my custom," said the dean. "Oh! then I must wait another cargo of confessors from *over the water*," said Crispin Tucker; "God mend me! you take me, sir." "Yes," said the dean, "I take you; and I take you for a wicked rogue to boot, to play these tricks with your betters." "Why, reverend sir," said Crispin, gaily, "Mister Pope, I'm sure would laugh at such a frolic." "Humph! I'm not sure of that," said the dean. "The devil," said Crispin; "why so great a man has more wit, sure. No body that he cares for would take my scribbling for his: ha, ha, ha! These things do for the chuckle-heads within the Walls there: ha, ha, ha!"

"But I have heard it whispered," said the dean, assuming a severe air, "that Mister Pope talks of setting a lawyer upon your shoulders, and that seriously too." "Does he," said Crispin, "Oh then, if he's for that, he shall have a Roland for his Oliver. I'll whip him into my Dunciad; yes, he shall have a drive down in the mud with the rest of the Pharisees. I'll dub him the water-wag-tail—the dish-washer of Twickenham."

"Ha, ha, ha, laugh!" laughed Dr. Swift; this was too much to his taste; "ha, ha, laugh! I wished to know you, master Crispin, and I have found you answer the picture I had drawn; ha, ha, ha! I shall tell Pope of this, and he will go hang himself." "No, no, he need not fear," said Crispin; "I'll not hurt a feather of him; he is too fine a bird to be made dabble in a ditch." "What, then, you admire him, master Crispin?" "Admire him! who does not, sir?" "Why, he has his enemies," said the dean; "Alas!" replied the bookseller, shaking his head, "we writers, the best of us, are subject to envy; us poets are cruelly under-rated in this iron age." "Very true," added the dean, in the same dry humour, assuming equal gravity, "but posterity is always just, master Crispin." "That is my hope, reverend sir; doubtless I shall be effigied at full length in the conventual church over there, (pointing to St. Saviour's,) by the side of old John Gower, and then, there our neighbours may behold the first and last of English rhymesters." "Yes," said the dean; "he with his *CONFESSIO AMANTIS*, and you with your—And so you admire Pope?" "Aye, sir; and I am happy to hear he is so well paid for his Homer; I am told, you understand me, sir, we always talk of what a man gets by his trade here in the East, I'm told he has made a matter of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, one way and t'other; God help us! more than any ten of your inspired ones ever made before, from the time of Homer to Colley Cibber. To be sure, his versification is not sent into the world in slouch hat, and slipshod; but I think, God help my poor judgment! that master Dryden knew his business quite as well. Pope, no doubt, is the neatest lapidary, as a body may say, has cut his diamond like a skilful workman; but I like Dryden for all that, his angles are bolder, but he is not so good a jeweller, 'tis not so clean set; you take me. Little Alek sends his work home nicely wrapped in cotton; Dryden, though as good an artist, did his job in a hurry, and sent it home in an old song. Master Johnny, like most other clever fellows, could not wait for his money; worked from hand to mouth; you take me.—Ah! so it is in this comical ball; I question but Crispin Tucker has made as much on't, the more shame for Apollo, as poor John Dryden; but, as you say, reverend sir, posterity is just, and the good Duke has not only tucked him in, in his marble bed, but set himself to sleep on the foot on't, among the rest of the worthies in Poet's-corner."

"Oh! you are a critic, too; better and better! Well, and what iron have you on

* The monument in Westminster Abbey was erected to the memory of this great poet by the duke of Buckingham, who thought so highly of his writings, that no epitaph was necessary to proclaim his fame. Hence the inscription is simply "J. DRYDEN, born 1639; died May 1, 1700. John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire, erected this monument." The wits of the time used to say it was *Dryden and Buckingham's tomb*. There is a bust of the poet on the top of the monument.

the anvil now, master Crispin? I suppose your's are all ready-money jobs?" "Pretty well for that, sir; your poets, though they write for *credit*, should never give it. I've written many a lover's sonnet for a dying swain before marriage, where, if I had not touched the cash on the nail, I might have whistled for it after the honey-moon. So with an epitaph for some sad widower, with broken heart, who would have broken my head six months after; had I dunned for the money. Now look, your reverence, here is a specimen of my employ:—A burly-faced West Indian captain, a crazy, generous, swearing, kind-hearted old reprobate as any that ever lay along-side Bear-key, has slipped his mortal cable, and left his nephew a roaring sum. 'We must have an *epithet* upon his tomb-stone,' said the topping fish-salesman's wife hard by; 'scratch out something praiseworthy like, for old uncle, as how he was good to poor folks, and so forth. Here is one that is not unlike him in one shape or another, which we've had copied from an old sampler of a monument by the clerk of Cripple-gate; but you know best, master Crispin; your head is wiser than our's, ten to one; never mind price; we can well afford to pay.' "These are your patrons, reverend sir; perhaps you'll like to read it?" "Why, I am a bit of a collector of these memorials," said the dean.

'If Langley's life you list to know,
Read on and take a view;
Of Faith and Hope I will not speak,
His works shall shew them true.

Who, whilst he liv'd, with counsell grave,
The better sort did guide;
A stay to weak, a staff to poore,
Without back-bite or pride.

And when he dyed he gave his mite,
All that did him befall,
For ever, once a year, to clothe
Saint Giles his poor withal;

All-saints he 'pointed for the day,
Gown twenty, ready made,
With twenty shirts, and twenty smocks,
As they may best be had.

A sermon eke'—

"Faith, I like these homely epitaphs," said the dean; "do write me a copy, master Crispin, and I will give you a scull and cross-bones out of my collection. And how do you contrive to drive on this scribbling harlequinade?" said the dean; "I should like to have a list of all the tricks you and your roguish muse have played off; have you spoiled much paper?" "Pretty well for that, your reverence," answered Crispin; "what I have lacked in wit, I have made up in quantity. Sir, I have spun out as much as would take—aye, as would take, let me see—verily that wherry of fellowship-porters' a month to measure," (pointing

* From an old monument in St. Giles's, Cripple-gate, set up in memory of Charles Langley, an ale-brewer, in 1601. He was great, great uncle of the old captain on the mother's side.

* Of the few objects that remind one of old times, is a wherry-load of fellowship-porters,

through the window at a boat-load of those licensed labourers crossing the Thames with their Winchester pecks and shovels.) The dean laughed at the comical aptitude of the comparison; "You are a merry wag, master Crispin; so you write in all styles then?" "Yes, your reverence; all come in their turn; heroic, satire, didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric; I manufacture from the epic down to the doggerel."

"What, then, you hire occasionally? You can help a poor devil of an author, out of case, now and then to a job? How much do you screw out by the sheet? What, are you liberal, master Crispin?"

"I have no objection to try my luck with you, reverend sir, you shall see if I am a city hux. Do you never court the muses?"

"Sign yourself with the cross," said the dean.

"Tis not my custom," replied the bookseller.

"Nor mine to confess," said the dean, "so, master Crispin, now we are quits."

"You may think me bold, your reverence," said Crispin, "but I never was more mistaken if you be not a poet—and no mean one neither; you have all the lines in your face," eyeing the dean very archly. The dean laughed, "O Crispin! Crispin!" said he, "that name saviors of the *Craft*—are you a Cordwainer, man?"

"Yes, by birth, not by servitude, your reverence—and now I perceive you are skilled in the calling, and want to make a *pump* of me."

"Good," said the dean, (caught in the punning snare,) "but what *boots* it that you and I stand idling here." "Your most humble and respectful servant to command," said the lively bookseller, lowly bowing, "I perceive, you can endure a pun for all your sacred cloth. There's the parson of St. Saviour's, I've lost his favour, by committing that peccadillo one day when he walked into my shop." "More fool he," said the dean, "what he *waived* wrath, did he, master Crispin cordwainer." "Yes, sir," answered the bookseller, "if he had half the learning of the Dean of St. Patrick, or a quarter of his tolerance, or a tythe of his wit, he would not excommunicate for such a small sin." Dr. Swift smiled, "Why what do you know of him, man?"

"Enough to know his reverence again, if he should ever be pleased to honour my humble dwelling another time." "Oh! Oh!

crossing to and from their work, about this spot. "I'd be sworn," said Caleb Whiteford, "either that these men live to the age of the patriarchs, or else hat, coat, waistcoat, breeches, buckles, shoes, shovel, and measure, were heir-looms with the quaker-looking fraternity."

* St. Crispin is the tutelary saint of the shoemakers, who usually make merry on his anniversary, the 25th of October. Hence the old adage,

"The twenty-fifth of October,
More Snobs drunk than sober."

* The ancient company of COBBLERS, (now termed shoe-makers,) were called members of the *CRAFT*.

* Shoemakers'-Hall, or CORDWAINERS'-HALL, from *cordonnier*.

what you have found me out, then, master Crispin. Well, my honest cordwainer, the Fates have decreed I suppose, being both of the same *craft*, that we should know each other; you are a merry *sole*, and perchance I may call and chat with you another day. But, you must not talk of this; mind, *silence* is the word!"

"This is a favour I could never expect," said the delighted Crispin, "O'ds my life, I'd have gone bare-footed all the way to the Holy-land for such a meeting; I hope, reverend sir, you'll pardon my boldness, but I am amazingly proud of such a guest."

"Well, well! as one of the *craft*, I'll be bound you can keep a secret, Crispin." The bookseller bowed. "So can I," said the dean, "so mind our motto is *silence*, and I have an affair that you can assist me in. Did you ever hear of the learned wights at Button's?" "Yes, your reverence." "Well, then, let's to business, now the lodge is tiled in. You are a Free Mason, I suppose, brother Crispin." "No, sir." "What! a Gormagon?" "No, sir." "Why what the deuce are you then? aye, man! are you one of the Hums?" "No, sir." "No! you that live by *humming*." "No, sir, I am a Free Sawyer, one of an older fraternity, who squared the stones for those wise-acre Free Masons, who built the Tower of Babel." "Good," said Swift, "and now let us have a few *wise saws* together, so tell me stories about your neighbours—soft, who have we here?" "Oh! that is a group of the very men themselves, with the first copy of verses that I ever put in print. You must know, reverend sir, that one day, about twelve years ago, the draw-bridge arch wanted some repairs. It was settled that the bridge should be shut Saturday and Sunday, and the workmen were let in; Saturday was shut up shop; our old street was silent, as I've heard my father say it was in the great plague of sixty-five. But, as we had no other plagues but a fine day and nothing to keep us out of mischief, we agreed to get drunk, and had our tables out in the highway, and kept it up gloriously till Sunday morn. Oh! the fun and frolic of that memorable night beats all upon record. I can give you, besides us residents, a list of the warm ones from the neighbouring wards, who desired to be invited:—It will be something for our *ancestors* in future times to talk about," said old Joe Wilson,* the wine-

* A famous Bucks' Lodge, the GORMAGON, in the beginning of the last century. *Fide* Hogarth's scarce and highly-humorous etching of making a Gormagon.

* The Society of the HUMS, established about the same period; both in ridicule of Free Masonry. See Loitard's long print of the Procession of the Miserable Scalded Masons.

* The Society of FREE SAWYERS, a society of Bucks, who pretended to high antiquity. Their symbol was a *silver travel*, and their motto, LET IT WORK.

* Joseph Wilson, wine-cooper, resided many years in this house, on the site of which commenced the fire of 1666. The site is measured (on the east side of Pudding-lane) 202 feet due east of the Monument, that, too, being the height of the column. On the belly of the

cooper of Pudding-lane, 'and a devilish deal pleasanter thing for our great grandchildren to read, than that unchristian stone stuck against my house. Yes!' said he, 'I warrant me it will come out in some history of England, that a *million of money* drank their punch in the middle of old London-bridge.'

"And what is the stone the old wine-cooper alludes to," said the dean. "Oh! I dare say mister Pope can inform you, sir," said Crispin, "for he is mortal angry about the inscription, which is not half so severe, on the base of the Monument, hard by." "I never heard of this stone," said the dean. "It is set up against the house where the great fire of sixty-six began. Let me see, I have it written somewhere, Oh! here it is:—"

'Here, by the permission of HEAVEN, HELL broke loose upon [hearts of] This PROTESTANT CITY, from the malicious Barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent HUBERT;

Who confessed, and on the ruins of this place Declared the fact, for which he was hanged, viz. That here began that dreadful fire, which is Described and perpetuated by the neighbouring pillar,

Erected Anno, 1681, in the mayoralty of Sir PATIENCE WARD, KNT.'

"Poor Hubert!" said Crispin, "I suppose he was hanged on such notable evidence as that of the witches, who were burnt to boot, by the great judge Hales." "Yes," said the dean, "you are right, master cordwainer, by their own confession; so let's you and I be duly thankful, man, that we do not live in such a besotted age! But, master Crispin, these poor devils confessed crimes they did not commit, whilst you are revelling, and confess not at all. A rare mint of money you must be making by this buccaneering on the fame of your learned dons." "Faith, your reverence," said Crispin, "I have not taken from, but added to, their fame. Pope and Dryden, Milton and Cowley, and I know not who, are read in me, where even their names would else be never heard." "Ah!" said Swift, "and how comes that?" "I'll tell your reverence. Oh! if you could but put on the invisible cap, and take an hour at Tom's, or Jack's, or Jonathan's, within the Walls, I could point out some characters for your masterly pen, that would richly pay you for the visit." "As how?"

carved figure of a naked boy, near Smithfield, is an inscription which records "This city was burnt through the dreadful sin of gluttony." I could never discover why. Did our forefathers set this up as a pun since the fire began at Pudding-lane, and ended at Piccadilly, where this specimen of city sculpture is placed? The inscription has been newly painted of late.

"This convivial meeting was held on London-bridge, in the month of April, 1723."

"Where London's columns, pointing at the skies; Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies."

Pope's *Sir Balaam*.

This inscription, so offensive to Pope, had been obliterated during the reign of James II. After the Revolution, it was restored, and cut very deep on the base of the Monument, as it now remains.

said the dean. "Why, if it were only to see one of my poor stamp make them gape and stare, with their vacant faces, and wager their rumps and dozens upon absurdities that out-rival the Gothamites themselves." "Come, let us have a specimen," said the dean. "Why, I do not know that 'tis quite moral to expose one's neighbours." "Phoo! man, are we not Free Sawyers? Have I not come all this way to pick acquaintance with you? Come, empty your budget, man, you may trust me; we know how to be merry and wise."

"Well, your reverence, you must take the sin upon your own shoulders." "Never fear," said the dean, eager to hear more from the satirical gossip; "never fear; we slay not—we break no bones—we lacerate no fine-strung nerves; so proceed, master Crispin; this is no deadly sin, and we may hope for pardon."

"Well, sir," said Crispin, emboldened by this licence, "I will give you a specimen of the philosophy of the Shades."

"One old warm one, he shall be nameless, gravely asks, his eyes half shut, his pipe in his mouth—'Do you think the world can be actually round, master Crispin?' 'Round as—round as—a—plum-pudding,' said I. He nodded assent. (Let me premise I am an authority with most of them, and I will inform your reverence why just now.) I shook my head—incredulous. 'There now,' said he, clapping his hands with satisfaction, 'there now, I'm glad you are of my opinion. How could men, women, and children stand on t'other side o' the world, antediluvians they call them (if I am right.)' I nodded assent. 'Well, how could these said antediluvians stand with their feet to our's, unless men were flies, do you see, roosting with their feet to the ceiling?' 'Very good,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'that's what I argue; but my obstinate partner, who is one of your readers, lays me a wager upon it. Now, said I, how are you to prove it, master?' The dean here could not forbear laughing. 'You rogue, Crispin, you have no lack of invention.' 'Pon honour, sir, 'tis all gospel—every word.' 'Well, well, proceed,' said the dean; 'I wish Pope and Arbuthnot were here.' 'Fie, sir!' said Crispin; 'Mister Pope would never have patience to hear me run on in this way.' 'You are mistaken,' said the dean; 'Pope is the wittiest of the whole bunch, when he is in spirits—but this between ourselves, master Crispin; so proceed.' 'Well, sir, then now for a touch at the old citizen's logic. 'Now,' said he, 'how are you to prove it, master; that puzzled my partner.' 'Let me see,' said he. 'Yes,' said I, 'remember this, old boy, when you are there, you are no longer here, and then—how the devil do you know where you are? That was a poser for my partner, master Crispin, and so it is a drawn bet.'

"Now, perhaps, you would condescend to hear a specimen of historical knowledge, within the Walls. But I fear I shall exhaust your patience." "Go on, you rogue," said the dean; "I am attentive; this is all new to me—quite original, trust me. I'll stop you when you grow dull." "Well, your reverence, know then, it was but lately I heard a topping hop-factor, up the Thames, in the lord mayor's barge, make a bet with—" "On a *noon-hop-ping*, I guess," said the dean. "Just so," said Crispin; "make a bet with a brother alderman, that Windsor castle, which they saw out of the inn window with a telescope, was built by Ben Jonson; and why I am positive," said the hop-factor, "is by this token—Ben was a bricklayer, and it was here that Nell Gwynn said to him—"

'By line and rule Works many a fool.

Good-morrow, Ben.'

'Now Nell was Charles the First's concubine—she was a Catholic. Ben, as I said before, was a bricklayer, and I've been told helped to write Shakspeare's plays, and is buried in Westminster Abbey, with a silver trowel. I've seen the stone—"O rare Ben Jonson." 'That part is true, no doubt,' said the alderman; 'but I've read, in an old book, that Windsor castle was built by one William—William of—what's his name.' 'Of Malmesbury,' said I in a whisper. "You mischievous rogue," said the dean, shaking his sides. 'By one William of Malmesbury; and, raising his voice, "I further remember what he cut upon the castle, THIS MADE WICKHAM! and the king, it was either old straddling Harry the Eighth, or crooked-back Richard, that threatened to have his head cut off for that treason.' When another grave citizen wittily exclaimed, "Ah! these were crooked times, your lordship, when a builder like Ben Jonson, or William of Malmesbury, should have his head cut off his shoulders for merely cutting a rhyme on a stone wall. So, by permission, here's to the health of his majesty king George, and praise God we do not live under a Papish government."

"What Huns!" said the dean, "but I see you are a joker."

"On my conscience, these are facts," said Crispin; "I've too much respect for your reverence. But the best of it is yet to come. The next day, one of this grave old gentleman's grand-daughters, hearing him relate the exploit to some guests at his own table, had the boldness to rectify her grandpapa. 'You must mean William of Wykeham, sir.' 'What! heigh!' said the old gentleman in wrath, 'Don't—you—learn to—contra—dict—your—seniors, Miss, (making a pause between each word); this comes of sending girls to boarding-school. And how do you know, forward minx, that William of Malmesbury and William of Wickham may not be one and the same thing in history.'

"And how do you manage to get admitted among these rich dons, for I've heard 'tis no easy matter to be on a free footing with your purse-proud citizens; excuse me, brother Crispin," looking round upon his humble premisses; "not that I value a man for his wealth." "No, your reverence, all the world knows that. And as you have

* The Shades Tavern under Fishmongers'-hall.

condescended to visit one so insignificant to outward appearance, it is my duty to let you into the secret. Us wits," pluming himself with mock consequence, "over-awe the dull dogs, for all their money-bags, when we once get them in a saw-pit; 'tis then we prove ourselves Free Sawyers. You take me, sir." "Faith! I do, brother Crispin; you have said a volume upon the subject. You are one after my own heart; so let us have it; I will not interrupt you; out with it, and mind—no reserve!"

"Faith, your reverence, I shall carry my head a little higher after this; well, let me see, I am almost beside myself by your hearing with me; know, then, sir, you were right in your observation; I was over-awed at first by the weight of their metal, and was a long time before I joined discourse. I only ventured to call for yesterday's papers, snuffed the candle for my next neighbour, and sat in the furthest box from the fire, until I sometimes was honoured with an 'how d'ye do' in the street. Then I got forward by serving for overseer and churchwarden; these offices gave me an opportunity, now and then, of showing off at our vestry meetings. 'The fellow has got a good head-piece,' said old Sir Thomas Dunk, 'and is a civil, honest man enough, and a bit of a scholar to boot.' Thus I was advancing."

"Good!" said the dean; "I see you know the world; we have a saying for that too:"

"First you must creep along, then up and go. The proudest old Pope was a cardinal low. First be a courtier, and next be a king. The more the hoop's bent, so much higher the spring."

"But I mounted from the lower part of Fame's ladder, up to the top, all at once, your reverence, as you shall hear, if it be your pleasure." "Proceed," said the dean.

"Well, sir, know then—faith I am almost ashamed to tell your reverence of my audacity and presumption with my superficial jargon; but these are times when a man had better go hang himself than altogether hide his talent under." "Under a close-stool pan," said the dean. "Out upon your affectation! go straight forward, like an honest man; I abominate your digressions; what you mean to say I suppose is simply, that that capricious, hood-winked beldame gave her wheel a turn, and whirled you up before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'" "Aye, something like it," said Crispin. "Never dawdle over a story, man," said the dean, "but go on; have I not said I like to listen?"

"But I am no scholar," said Crispin, "no more than Stevey Duck." "So much the better," said the dean; "then much learning hath not made thee mad, like some pernicious coxcombs, who make other people

as crazy as themselves; and a Winchester bushel of wit and common sense, is better than a Bristol barrel of Latin and Greek, (laughing all the while,) aye, measured out by your honest fellowship-porters, master Crispin, so let's have no more of this mawkishness."

"Well, if your reverence will have it, a certain alderman was drawn into a dilemma, touching poetry, one night, at the Mitre." "Poetry—good Lord!" exclaimed the dean; "Old Sir Francis Child, I suppose." "No, sir, you have not hit upon him." "Then, Old Sir Felix Feast," said the dean; Crispin shook his head. "Was it Sir Humphrey Parsons?" "No; I'll mention no names," said Crispin. "One guess more," said the dean, "Old Sir John Bull." "I'll mention no names, nor have any digressions," said Crispin, laughing in his turn; "Very fair," said the dean, clapping him on the shoulder, "you are an honest fellow, master Crispin; now we are quits again. Well, go on."

"This said alderman, then, who has no small weight in the ward, was rudely attacked by an impudent, pragmatical, purse-proud, ignoramus, of one of the Courts in Guildhall, who had feathered his nest, and cared for nobody. This over-bearing wrangler, what with his law and scraps of Latin, out-argued all the neighbouring ward, ruled the roast, and interrupted conviviality at half the taverns round about. His manner was terrific to these peaceable cits. The alderman had advanced something concerning Milton, and quoted a few lines correctly enough." "Where the devil did you read that?" said the lawyer; "that's a book above your cut, I'd be sworn." "Better not swear at all," said the worthy alderman, turning his back upon him. "One thing I'd swear," said the lawyer, highly affronted, "that you don't quote six lines more for all the gold in Threadneedle-street," accompanying his assertion with an oath and a boisterous laugh, looking round for applause; "no! neither you nor any one present." "That's more than you can take upon yourself to say," said I. "Cobblers stick to their stalls," said he, sneeringly; "who the devil do you think would argue with such a penny chandler as you." "That's not honourable, sir," said I; "you challenged the company."

"Bravo! master Tucker," exclaimed all voices. "What do you know about Milton," said the lawyer; "I'd bet you fifty pounds you know no more of poetry, than a coster-monger, nor of rhetoric, than his jack-ass." "I have no money to fool away," said I, "but I'll prove before this worthy company, I know more of the matter than you, for all your law, and Latin to boot." He could not flinch from the match, and we set too like fighting cocks;—"Ding-dong, hammer and tongs," said the dean; "Pell-

me!" said Crispin; "Hip and thigh," said the dean, laughing, "carrying on the war against the Philistine, with the same weapon too, heigh, master Crispin?" "Yes, if you will have it so," answered the merry bookseller, "till he turned all shame and confusion; as white as your reverence's band. Oh! how I made him fume and shake, the impudent gog-magog, as I galloped over him upon tropes and figures, flourishing, to the astonishment of all beholders, long words, such as 'allegorically, metaphorically, metonymically, and synecdochically.' Yes, sir, I laid about him with 'personification, antithesis, interrogation, exclamation, amplification,' and winded him so close with 'iambics, dactyls, amphibrachs, and spondees,' for all his quirks and quibbles, and doubling, the hard-mouthed sophist, before I reached my climax, that the big-wigs shook the ashes out of their pipes, one by one, in silent admiration, gazing and staring at my wondrous learning, attentive as a crowded clod-hopping jury-box to the long-spun charge of a new-made judge. But the best on't is, your reverence, I riddled the house of the nuisance, hunted him fairly out of the field, out of the parish, and out of the ward; and I am now an authority on every learned question, and Crispin Tucker would be backed, right or wrong, for any sum, against both the Universities."

"Thou art verily the merriest rogue I have yet encountered in all my periphrasies, master Crispin," said the dean, "and I have tickled some comical trout from their holes in my time too. When I am sworn lord mayor, you shall be dubbed city laureate, that's certain, master Crispin, for a butt of sack would be better bestowed on you, than on that ungodly, 'scape-grace, ode-making owl in the West. Faith, man, you are right; I should like to change my wig for a conjuring cap, and seat myself amidst these waging gormagons; though they seem cold, phlegmatic, sour wights, what I have seen of them in their shops and counting-houses." "Yes, your reverence, but completely metamorphosed at night; gruff and grumpy, with the pen stuck in the ear; frank and free, with a napkin tucked under the chin. That's the time for a needy poet to beg or borrow. Blessed be God! I want for nothing; but if I did, good Lord! I might take a lease of all Paternoster-row. Ah! I've oftentimes thought it a sin and a shame that Apollo and the Muses never got a footing within the Walls; for your cits, with all their tare, tret, and cloff, are mighty kind to the poet. Jack Laguerre," who is a clever, merry fellow, and a physiognomist, says, 'The lines of benevolence are strongly marked in many of their moon-faced worships.'"

"Cibbet, poet laureate.
"Lot Billingsgate, my daughter dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear."
John Laguerre, son of him alluded to by Pope—"Here sprang the saints of Fervid and Laguerre." Jack Laguerre was a high fellow, a great humourist, wit, singer, player, caricaturist, mimic, and a good scene painter; and, according to the notions of that merry age, known to every body worth knowing.

He had, moreover, a great aversion for speculators, and had no patience with pedants. He was so partial to punning, and so reputed for his pun-isms, that he used to say, "None despised that talent but those who were without it."

Sherriffs and aldermen, reputed in their day.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! what! Jack is a friend of your's, too, aye? I know master Laguerre; his fame is rung on the other side of St. George's Channel. How is the spark?" "Thank your reverence, he may answer for himself, if it be your pleasure, for he is over head." "No, no, replied the dean; you are upon honour; it must not be known that I have crossed your threshold; so, fare you well, master Crispin; silence is the word, (placing his finger upon his lip,) and perchance we may meet again."

MASSACRE AT MANILLA.

THOUGH this dreadful tragedy has been slightly mentioned in the newspapers, we do not remember to have seen any detailed account of it; and the following, from the pen of Mr. Prince, one of the sufferers, will, we think, be found interesting as a sketch (a horrible sketch) of society:—

"On the 1st or 2nd of October, the inhabitants of Luconia experienced one of the most severe hurricanes they had ever known. Previous to its commencement, the marine barometer fell, in the short space of one hour, from 29° 80 to 28° 70, and, during its continuance, fell still lower. All the low country about Manilla was inundated. The river became of a milky white colour, from the vegetable putrefaction washed from the high lands; trees that had withstood the fury of gales for numbers of past years, were torn up by the roots and laid prostrate. The gale continued with great violence about 36 hours, when it moderated, and was succeeded by a series of fine, clear, though sultry weather. The flood immediately subsided, but the river still remained swollen beyond its usual size, and its waters continued to flow, discoloured by particles of decomposed vegetable matter. The vapours that were now continually arising from the drenched earth, combined with the free use the poorer class of inhabitants made of the river water, soon produced disease. That scourge of India, the Cholera Morbus, made its appearance among them, spreading with incredible rapidity. The people became panic struck; almost every person seized with this dreadful disorder died. A splendid ball, which was to have been given in honor of the new constitution, was, by order of the government, postponed; and a consultation was called by the authorities, to decide upon the best method to check the progress of this messenger of death. A mixture of alcohol, and laudanum was ordered to be prepared and distributed gratis to the poor inhabitants, from the shops of the apothecaries and houses of persons pointed out for the purpose; this was accordingly done indiscriminately to all those who chose to call for it; the people flocked with their vials and cups to the appointed places; the medicine was delivered them, but not a question asked, as it regarded the age, constitution, or disorder of the patient. An infant of two days old, with the complaint incidental to the early stage of infancy, would receive the same dose of physic as would be delivered for an adult, lying on the point of death, with the Cholera Mor-

bus. Those who fancied they had the disorder, or wished to guard against it, would procure and swallow the same quantity and sort of medicines as those dangerously ill. Beneficial effects were, no doubt, felt from this in some instances, but, in others, it was productive of the most fatal consequences, and, upon the whole, I candidly believe, occasioned much more harm than good.

"During this trying period, many of the foreign gentlemen that commercial and other pursuits had drawn to this country, actuated by motives of humanity, visited the sick, distributed, at their own expense, medicines proper to counteract the fatal tendency of the disease, and, in many instances, saved whole families from its baneful effects.

"Taking advantage of the terror and desperation of the moment, evil disposed persons circulated, among the poor and ignorant inhabitants, reports that barrels of poison had been found in the river; that the strangers had poisoned the water; that every evening they scattered venomous powders in the air; that the very atmosphere they breathed was poisoned; that the foreigners were not effected themselves, as they possessed antidotes. These, and a thousand other reports equally idle, but of a like evil tendency, were firmly and easily credited by the coloured population of Manilla and its environs. An unfortunate event that transpired on the morning of the 9th, served but too strongly to confirm them in their opinions. A young French surgeon, Mons. Godefoi, (who had rendered himself very conspicuous, by his humane attendance and visitation of the sick,) had left a quantity of medicine at the house of a person where several people were lying sick, giving directions as regarded the manner of administering, and the quantity necessary for each invalid. No sooner had Godefoi left the house, than a small dog was procured, and the medicine poured down his throat—as might be expected, he soon died. The account of this transaction spread like wild-fire; the inhabitants sallied from their houses, armed with pikes, knives, and clubs, overtook poor Godefoi, whom they cut and mangled in a shocking manner, leaving him for dead; his body was picked up and conveyed to a house opposite the Dragoon barracks near the little bridge of Santa Cruz, where he soon showed signs of life—his hands were tied behind him, and he was placed in the prison of the Corregidor, where he remained 24 hours, without receiving any assistance; he was afterwards sent to the hospital, and I am happy to say, was recovering fast when I left Manilla.

"The news of this atrocious act soon spread among the foreigners, but the person of the sufferer was not correctly reported. It was generally believed that I was the unfortunate person. Capt. Nichols, on hearing this, started immediately to my assistance, leaving a short note to Captain Warrington and Mr. Wilson, informing them of the occurrence, and requested them to follow him to St. Miguel's. Those gentlemen received this shortly after, when

they proceeded towards the place where I resided. In front of the apothecary's shop, in the Escalita, they met with the American consul, (Mr. Stewart,) and captain Ballston, of the English country ship Edward Stettrell; they informed them that Nichols had fallen in with Godefoi, the naturalist, who had informed him of the attack on his brother; that both those gentlemen had gone to the palace to demand protection and assistance from the governor. While they were conversing, the two gentlemen returned; they had seen the governor, and all the satisfaction they could get from him was, a promise that he would consider of it.

"The whole company, (with the exception of Stewart and Ballston,) now started to visit the wounded Godefoi.

"A few minutes after, Warrington was called back by Stewart, and strongly advised not to proceed, but he had determined; jumping into his barouche he ordered the coachman to hurry forward and overtake his companions, (who were walking;) this he was unable to do, for, by the time he was abreast the church of St. Cruz, the mob, (that was momentarily increasing and becoming more outrageous,) made several attempts to drag him from the carriage; the driver became alarmed, turned back, and before Warrington was aware of it, had re-crossed the small bridge, stopping again at the apothecary's, where he here rejoined Stewart and Ballston. In a few minutes after, the mob turned, coming towards them, shouting and making a great noise; they could distinctly see Nichols, Wilson, and Godefoi, whom they were bringing along with them, prisoners; to escape themselves was now the only resource; Stewart entered the house of a Spanish merchant, where he concealed himself; Warrington and Ballston, a house occupied by some Persian merchants, who put them in a back room. They had scarcely entered when they heard the Persees exclaim, 'They have cut poor Wilson in the neck and have murdered him.' 'Now,' exclaimed they, 'they have stabbed Nichols in the back;' and, a moment after, 'The Frenchman is down; they are cutting him to pieces, dragging him about like a dog.'

"The transaction took place in front of Mons. Guillot's house, (which stood opposite that of the Persees,) they immediately attacked it—Guillot was at the window; he was fired at by a serjeant of the Spanish regulars, from the street, and either killed or wounded; the house was immediately forced and plundered, Guillot cut to pieces, and his body dragged about the streets. An Armenian gentleman, Mr. Baptist, who had long been a resident, and was married in the country twenty years before, escaped from the house badly wounded.

"It would have been supposed that the massacre of these innocent men would have satisfied the savage disposition of the populace, but, on the contrary, that innate principle, that thirst for blood and rapine, which a Luconian possesses from his cradle, was roused and guided by the con-

stitutional cowardice they draw in their infancy from the breasts of their mothers; they rushed on to murder the defenceless, and glut their ferocious appetites with new scenes of horror and atrocity.

"The Persian merchants expecting an attack on their houses to follow that of Guillot's, Warrington and Ballston were obliged to descend into the common sewer, where they remained, in all manner of filth, till night. They afterwards escaped in a close carriage to the city.

"The hotel for foreigners, kept by Bernard Hantleman, a German, who held a commission as lieutenant in the Spanish marine, was next attacked. The mob, which had greatly increased, filled the street on which it fronted. Hantleman went to the door in full uniform, thinking they would respect him as a Spanish officer, but he was deceived; they cut him down, left him for dead, and rushed over his body into the house. At this time, fortunately, there were only four gentlemen, (of the numerous boarders,) at home, viz.: Foulon, Gautrin, Vose, and Duperat. Vose immediately leapt from a back window into the yard of a Spaniard, and concealed himself under a platform, between which and the mud beneath it, he could just force himself. Here he lay till night, when, disguised as an Indian, he entered the city. Duperat was instantly butchered; his grey hairs could not excite the pity of the blood-hounds of Manilla; Foulon and Gautrin were in the same room, they took leave of each other, the former concealed himself under the bed, the latter covered himself with a mat. The mob rushed into the room, discovered Foulon, and killed him by a thousand wounds; but they did not perceive Gautrin. Shortly after they left the room, and again returned, but did not discover him; all except one villain again disappeared; this fellow, in searching for any thing that might be left behind worth taking, saw Gautrin, who immediately, being a stout, powerful man, knocked him down, though not before he had given the alarm; the mob returned, when with his fists only, this gallant Frenchman fought his way through the crowd, receiving at every step dreadful wounds from the pikes, knives, and clubs of the assassins. Just as he cleared the mob that were close in pursuit, sight failed, when he was seized by a Spanish police officer, who tied his hands behind his back, led him to the guard-house, where, shameful to relate, he was put in irons by the Spanish officers, and the soldiery wished to finish the work but too dreadfully commenced. He demanded a confessor; while they sent out for one, Mr. Olere, an officer of rank, came in, and humanely sent him to the hospital, and saved his life from the brutality of the soldiers. Every article in the hotel was plundered or destroyed; even the horses, dogs, and other animals belonging to, or in the service of, foreigners, were cut to pieces by these brute Luconians.

"A simultaneous attack now commenced on all the houses where foreigners were known to reside. The house of Monsieur Pasquet, in San Gabriel's, was immediately

forced. Here Monsieur Debar was cut to pieces; Pasquet escaped to a Spanish house adjoining, and concealed himself. The plunder of this house was immense, of which 26,000 dollars was in specie, and more than that amount of indigo and nankeens was thrown into the river, or burnt in the streets.

"At the house occupied by Messrs. Warrington, Nichols, and Wilson, they found no blood to shed, the servants, and a lad belonging to the Addison, had escaped to adjoining houses; so furious were they at this, that not an article did they leave undestroyed; even the ceiling and window-frames were hacked to pieces. Among the papers destroyed in this house, were the registers and other vouchers of the ships Addison and Merope.

"Mr. Dunsfeldt's house was assailed about 2 p. m. That gentleman unfortunately invited several friends to dine. Some of them were in the house, together with several Frenchmen, who had left an adjoining house and entered this for safety. The door of this house was very strong, and resisted the efforts of the mob three hours. About three p. m. the governor, Don Mariano Fernandez Folguera Manandez de Godan Fernandez del Reguero Valea Flora, knight of several orders, &c. &c. &c. (I write his name at large, to assist, as far as lays in my power, in handing it down to the infamy he deserves,) arrived, with a guard of infantry, besides his usual body guard of cavalry, in front of this house; he begged the populace to desist and retire to their homes; but he was hooted at, and some of the mob even threatened him with their pikes. When, instead of ordering his troops to disperse the assailants, which one discharge of small arms would have done effectually, he sneaked off, leaving the unfortunate gentlemen to their fates.—This pusillanimous conduct of the old wretch can neither be excused nor palliated in the least point, as it is a notorious fact, that at this time there were from 4 to 5,000 regular troops quartered within a few furlongs distance, that might have been brought forward to his assistance in fifteen minutes, and yet it was near two hours after this before the mob were enabled to force the door with large pieces of timber, brought from some distance for the purpose. Every person in the house was immediately massacred; their bodies cut and mangled in such a manner as not to be distinguished, were thrown from the windows, and dragged through the streets, the mob piercing and jumping upon them till they lost all appearance of their ever having been human beings. The head of Shaffalitzky was cut off and kicked about the street. In this house, A. Shaffalitzky, T. Dunsfeldt, Mons. Estoup, Mons. Arnaud, Mons. Martin, and Justin, a French lad, belonging to V. Alexandre, and a French cook, Joseph, were murdered.

"The house of the Russian consul general, P. Dobell, esq. was attacked at one p. m. by a detachment of the mob from Escalata, after the butchery of Nichols and Co. Fortunately, the consul and his family were at

Macao, with the exception of his nephew Mr. James Bennett: at this house I resided. Several of the police officers of this pueblo (San Miguel) came to the door and advised Mr. B. to open it, promising to protect him; this was accordingly done; the mob rushed in with the officers, but from the room we were in they succeeded for a short time in keeping them, but from time to time several of them entered. The officers rallied round Bennett, and I was driven from the windows of the second story, at the point of their knives; from the yard I had immediately to swim the river, amid a shower of stones and clubs. Landing at the gate of a large distillery on the opposite side, which was shut, I had to scale a wall 15 or 16 feet high; no sooner had I shown myself on the top of which, than I was attacked by the workmen of the distillery, and knocked off the wall by clubs, fell into the yard, and was made prisoner. Previous to the opening of the door to the mob, Mr. B. and myself had stripped to our flannels, to swim the river, intending to ask the advice of an Armenian merchant, who lived on the opposite bank; but altering our minds, I had no opportunity to dress myself, and consequently had only a flannel shirt on when taken. My arms were lashed behind me with cords drawn so tight as to completely stop the circulation of the blood, and soon became excessively painful. They now put me into a canoe, and re-crossed the river. As I passed the house, I saw my property had been thrown from the windows, and what the mob could not carry away lay in a pile in the street, together with poor major-domo of the house, (whom the assassins had also driven from the windows of the second story; he had both legs broken in the fall.

"The foreman of the distillery had prevented my immediate massacre when I was taken; he continued with me during the time I was dragged through the streets of St. Miguel, and preserved my life, although he could not prevent several heavy blows, or the heaping of mud and dirt on my head. At the bamboo hut of the Gobernado Cillo of the Pueblo, to which they conducted me, I found Mr. Bennet, who had been carried there before me; we were both immediately put in the stocks, in company with an Indian arrested for robbery. The villains soon began to conclude on the mode of taking our lives, which they were not long in settling. At this critical moment B., with great presence of mind, exclaimed—"We are Catholics; kill us without a confessor, and the whole of you will die before morning." Superstition induced them to believe this, and for a time saved us from violence. During the whole time, till late in the evening, the mob continued in front of the house, demanding us of the police officer. Many of the assassins entered and sat round us; we expected every moment some of these would plunge their knives in our bosoms, or that the crowd would force the house, and nothing short of the interference of Divine Power prevented it.

"Between 4 and 5 p. m. we were terribly alarmed by the shouts of the mob, and the

cries of *Marta, Marta*, together with groans and the sounds of heavy blows. A moment after Mons. D'Arbell was brought into the house, mangled and cut in the most shocking manner, covered with blood, and disfigured with wounds in such a manner as to prevent my recognizing him for a number of hours. A few minutes after a poor Lascar, belonging to the Merope, was brought in, dreadfully bruised, but not cut.

"About dusk a guard came from the city to convey Mr. Bennet to a place of safety, by orders of the governor; but he nobly refused to go, unless they took all of us; and the guard returned. He was taken from the stocks, and soon after taken from the house, under pretence of visiting a sick person, but in fact to be killed on the dead body of a woman who had just expired. A serjeant of the regular troops saved his life by advising the people to take him to a house where a person lay at the point of death, and oblige him to cure her. The woman was quite cold at the time he began, but, by dint of exertion, he preserved her life. During this time the villains sat round the bed, with their knives ready to plunge in his breast the moment she expired.—Finding her getting better, they agreed to go back to where we were confined, murder us, and retire to their homes, as night was far advanced. B.'s presence of mind again saved us; 'Touch one of those persons,' said he, 'and this woman dies!'

"My own situation was extremely unpleasant, especially after Bennet left the house. I supposed he was murdered, and the men who surrounded me, using every method, short of taking my life, to distress me. 'Should you recollect my face,' (said one of them to me,) so as to inform against me, in case we should spare your life? 'Prepare for confession,' (said another;) you have half an hour only to live.' These, and many other remarks and questions of a like tendency, served not a little to aggravate my sufferings, saying nothing of lying nearly naked, under an open window, through which a cold drizzling rain beat in on me, as I lay on the open bamboo floor of the hut, for 10 or 11 hours.

"About midnight I was greatly relieved by an old washer-woman, whom I employed the first time I visited Manila. She came with her whole family to see me, bringing a suit of clothes belonging to one of the murdered Frenchmen, and soon after sent me a cup of warm chocolate.—At 1 A. M. I was taken from the stocks, and allowed to lie down in a more comfortable apartment; and at 8 A. M. Bennet, to my great joy, was brought back. The serjeant was still with him.

"We were shortly after put in boats, and conveyed to Santa Cruz, and placed in the house of the corregidor. The populace were sadly disappointed in missing their expected prey; they had assembled in great numbers, filling the streets they expected us to pass, from St. Miguel's through the towns of Caipo and Santa Cruz. By going down the river we avoided what would have been inevitable—the fate of our companions.

"About half-past 11 A. M. we received

accounts that the mob were murdering and plundering the Chinese merchants in the Escalata; there shortly after appeared a great deal of confusion among the white Spaniards, who, with their families, were getting inside the city as fast as possible.

"The following evening, D'Arbell and our wounded friends were removed into the hospital, and on the morning of the 11th we were conducted, to our great satisfaction, inside the walls, and placed in the fortress of Santiago for safety; where we found 20 or 30 ladies and gentlemen, French, English, Americans, &c. Our arrival afforded great pleasure, as I had been two days on the dead list, and Mr. Bennet's fate was also a mystery."

A list of the murdered is added; it includes Captain Nichols of the Merope, and ten English seamen; Wilson, an American midshipman; Godefroi, the naturalist, sent out by the French government, and several French captains of vessels, &c.; two Danish merchants, six Europeans, unknown, three Spaniards, killed by mistake of the mob, and from 80 to 100 Chinese. The bodies were carried to the sea-shore, and buried in a heap.

Varieties.

New Spectacle.—At Dijon, in France, they seem really to have at last hit upon a show which may truly be said to be something new under the Sun. This is a mechanical *chef d'œuvre* representing the CREATION. This machine, (says the Dijon Journal,) which has cost its inventor, M. Pardoux, of Vie-le-Comte, ten years cogitation and toil, is composed of fifteen thousand moving pieces, and is more remarkable than any thing ever yet seen for precision and regularity in its motions. Besides, it is announced that it costs only 50 centimes for admittance to the first boxes, to be present at the creation of the Universe.

The festival in honour of Dr. Jenner, to whom mankind are indebted for the discovery of vaccination, was lately celebrated at Berlin by a superb banquet. All the faculty in the city were present, together with several functionaries and statesmen. The councillor of state, M. Hufeland, presented, at the close of the banquet, lists of the children who had been vaccinated in Prussia during the year 1819, and the result was, that upwards of 400,000 children had been inoculated within that period.

A new evidence of the hardness of the times is mentioned in an American paper in Susquehanna County, namely, the commitment of a man to gaol for non-payment of the justice's fee for having married him.

French Translations of Captain Lyon's travels in Africa, and Captain Parry's voyage to the north, are announced together by the same publisher, while these enterprising individuals are, in company, pursuing their new career of adventure and discovery. To show how cheaply the French do these things, (which prevents the sale of English works at our tremendous prices, on the continent,) we may add, that the former is 8fr. 50c. and the latter 7 francs, 50 centimes.

Classic Pun.—Two collegians, visiting a fashionable watering-place, inquired for lodgings, and were informed they could only have indifferent bed-rooms on the second floor. They had not long agreed for them, and returned to their inn, when one received a note from the owner of the rooms, stating, "that on account of the press of company, &c. they could only have the garrets!" The other, observing his *chum* musing over the letter, asked him what he was reading. "What (says he) I read quite enough of before I left the University—*An Epistle to Atticus.*"

Bon Mots.—The keeper of a billiard-table at C——— had the good fortune to win so large a sum, on one occasion, that it enabled him to build a pretty house with a neat lawn: a wag has christened his residence *Cue Green!*

A gentleman of very fickle disposition, made so many changes in a mansion which he was erecting, and asked the advice of his friends so frequently about the arrangements, that it seemed a miracle that it was ever finished at all. At length, however, it was completed, and nothing but the giving it a name remained to be done: this was a sore puzzle, till a witty counsellor told him if he wanted an appropriate appellation he could give it him. What is it? *The House of Correction.*

A worthy country gentleman, in the commission in Essex, had acquired so much of the provincial dialect, that he invariably said, (among other peculiarities) "I *were*," "he *were*," &c. for "I was," "he was." A friend was one day praising his green old age to another, and saying that he never had seen a more healthy and vigorous old man. "Nevertheless, (replied the other) he seems to me to be much the worse for *wear!*"

Meteorological Journal.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
August, Thursday 30.	from 55 to 72	29.70 to 29.67
	Wind S. W. 1 & 4.—Morning fair; the rest of the day generally cloudy.	
Friday 31.	from 53 to 70	29.67 to 29.73
	Wind S. W. 4.—Cloudy, and almost generally raining.	
SEPT. Sat. 1.	from 56 to 80	29.90 to 29.88
	Wind N. & N. W. 4.—Fair about noon; morning and evening showery.	
Sunday 2.	from 54 to 70	30.00 to 30.03
	Wind N. N. W. & W. S. E. 4.—Morning cloudy; the rest of the day clear.	
Monday 3.	from 55 to 75	29.93 to 29.88
	Wind S. E. 4 & W. S. W. 1 & 3.—Clear about noon; the rest of the day cloudy, with rain at times.	
Tuesday 4.	from 52 to 73	29.82 to 29.74
	Wind S. W. 1 & 3.—Generally cloudy.	
Wednesday 5.	from 50 to 73	29.51 to 29.59
	Wind W. S. W. 3 & 1.—Cloudy till noon; the rest of the day generally clear.	
	Rain fallen during the week .825 of an inch.	
	On Monday, the 10th, at 9 minutes 25 seconds after midnight, (clock time,) the 1st satellite of Jupiter will immerse into an eclipse.	
	On Tuesday, the 11th, at 11 minutes 26 seconds after 8 in the evening, (clock time,) the 3rd satellite of Jupiter will immerse into an eclipse.	

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N. Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

To Correspondents.

Several public and private communications will be answered next week.

The Review of Sir R. Porter's Travels will be concluded at our next.

Mr. W. Letter, of Burton upon Trent, must not blow up on. Having been on an excursion to a coal-country, we kept his papers, in the hope of exploring a pit, to ascertain their value. But his fiery letter has damped our ardour in the discovery of fire druggs.

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